THE NEW STUDENT

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Inside the Fraternity

By ROSS CRAWFORD

The Parting Way

By JOHN RIORDAN

Alfred North Whitehead

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Coonskin Smugness in the Forecastle

By FORREST ALLEN

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This is the last issue of *The New Student* for the current college year. The publication does not appear during the months of July, August and September.

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The Intercollegiate World

More About Pittsburgh

WILLIAM ALBERTSON, chairman of the University of Pittsburgh Liberal Club, and Arthur G. McDowell, one of the five executive committeemen, have been expelled from the University for defying the administration when it stopped a Mooney-Billings protest meeting and ordered the club to disband. (*New Student*, May 1929). The University also expelled Mr. Frederick E. Woltman, a graduate assistant.

Since our May issue appeared we have received additional information about this affair. Revoking the Liberal Club's permit to hold a Mooney-Billings protest meeting, suppressing the Club and expelling its leaders, was the culmination of a long dispute between Club and University officials. Posters announcing a series of lectures by Scott Nearing under club auspices were barred from the campus last winter. At another time the posters announcing a speech by Arthur Garfield Hays were ordered changed from "Denial of Civil Liberties in Pennsylvania" to "Civil Liberties in Pennsylvania." The students pasted a thin and somewhat transparent paper over "Denial of" and the University responded by plastering over the evidence of their despotism a thicker sheet of paper. In April the Liberal Club passed a resolution condemning the University employment agency for supplying students for breaking a strike on a local newspaper. The University did not divulge the real nature of the work to the students, and many were extremely indignant when they learned of it. This resolution was perhaps the last straw for the University.

That Demon Publicity

A self-condemnatory admission was made by a minor college official after the Barnes incident. He admitted that those responsible for refusing to permit Professor Barnes to speak on the campus were ignorant of his high standing in the academic world. They did not know who Barnes was, and if they had, things might have gone otherwise. This is an admirable illustration of how the fear of publicity determines the behavior of a university. If a man is comparatively unknown the university unhesitatingly scotches him, but if he has a national reputation he is quite safe.

When it is engaged in a building program the modern university must watch its publicity as carefully as a movie star. At Pittsburgh the new skyscraper university has given Chancellor Bowman and his lieutenants a serious case of nerves. The building is half-way up and every precaution must be taken against rubbing the corns of the local capitalists who are making it possible. It is highly significant that two days after the three were dismissed the Governor of Pennsylvania signed an appropriation bill for the next two years, $1,200,000 for the University—$200,000 higher than the usual amount, due to the building program.

After the expulsion the Chancellor gave the following explanation to the press: "The issue was that the club, with its president known as a Communist, aided by organizations or individuals outside of Pittsburgh and in Pittsburgh, was using the name of the University to advance its propaganda and publicity." Although Woltman is a graduate assistant, he was referred to as a student.

Mr. Woltman, it happens, has been active as a local representative of the American Civil Liberties Union in connection with denial of civil liberties of miners in the coal field. That is without doubt the true reason for his dismissal.

Albertson and McDowell are both honor students. Their case has been taken up by the American Civil Liberties Union which has instituted mandamus proceedings against the University to procure their reinstatement.

A Kept Press

The Pitt Weekly's behavior throughout the affair is worthy of attention. *The Weekly* is one of those student papers which are student in name only. In 1926 the editor left his year's work in a bitter frame of mind toward the administration for its meddlesome attitude. In his last editorial he bitterly attacked the dean of men for interfering with the publication of the newspaper. In 1927 the editor resigned three weeks before the end of the term rather than dismiss a reporter for mild criticism of "Cap and Gown," the annual musical comedy which is the darling of the alumni and almost as sacred as the football team. A columnist's material was censored after he poked fun at the Cathedral of Learning, and of late there have been evidences of a tendency to select only those editors who will "go with the administration." One of the questions asked candidates for editorship this spring was "How would you handle the Liberal Club affair?"

Throughout the late controversy the University authorities have been saying that the affair was a domestic one, and those who had recourse to outside publicity were taking the wrong course. But if the liberal students had depended upon *The Weekly* for their publicity their case would have been as good as lost at the start. To say that *The Weekly* was lukewarm in its zeal for the truth of the case is to put it mildly. After the dismissals were made *The Weekly* printed a statement by the Chancellor, that was spread over two columns. Albertson's statement was mentioned but not printed. Woltman was asked for one, and under the stipulation that it be printed in full he wrote one of seventy words,—the maximum they allotted him. About twenty were printed.

Vigorous protests have been voiced by students in other colleges; resolutions have been sent to the University condemning it for its action, and many student editorials were written about the affair. The University of Wisconsin Liberal Club drew up and issued the following resolutions:

To Chancellor John G. Bowman, University of Pittsburgh.

William Albertson, Arthur McDowell and Frederick Woltman have been expelled from the University of Pittsburgh for participation in a meeting demanding the release of Thomas Mooney and Warren K. Billings, two militant labor leaders who were framed up in California thirteen years ago.

The Liberal Club of the University of Pittsburgh has consistently exposed the forces of reaction and oppression in Pennsylvania. Only recently it has carried on a campaign against the terror of the coal and iron company police. The Liberal Club and Mr. Woltman have helped bring to the attention of the public the brutal and deliberate murder of John Barkoski, a miner, by the police of Andrew Mellon's Pittsburgh Coal Company and the state of Pennsylvania. It is only because of such activities that these students were expelled.

The members of the Liberal Club of the University of Wisconsin consider this curbing and strangling of the expression of opinion on important social issues in Pittsburgh a further indication that the charge "Mellon University" is true. They also see this incident as a threat to "academic freedom" and to the socially minded students of the country.

The Liberal Club of the University of Wisconsin asks the immediate reinstatement of Frederick Woltman, Arthur McDowell and William Albertson and the immediate recognition of the Liberal Club by the university officials, and calls upon the students of other universities to protest this czarism on the part of the authorities of the University of Pittsburgh.

SIDNEY SLOTZNICK,
Secretary, Liberal Club,
Univ. Wisconsin.

To William Albertson, Arthur McDowell, Frederick Woltman.

The Liberal Club of the University of Wisconsin approves of your action in holding a meeting in behalf of the two frame-up victims, Tom Mooney and Warren Billings held in jail for 13 years for being militant labor leaders in California.

It deprecates the action taken by the University of Pittsburgh officials in expelling you and strongly condemns this stifling of discussion on the so-called "dangerous" subjects of social and labor problems.

This student organization of the University of Wisconsin is backing you in your courageous stand against this reaction in the University of Pittsburgh and is calling upon student organizations throughout the country to come out and fight for freedom of speech and opinion in the universities of the land.

SIDNEY SLOTZNICK,
Secretary Liberal Club,
University of Wisconsin.

Summer Sailors

HUNDREDS of Mid-Western college and university students who were planning to work this summer on the Great Lakes ore carriers have been disappointed by the decision of the Lake Carriers Association not to hire any college students this summer. The vessel operators declared, according to the *Ohio State Lantern*, that the "greatest pests" they have encountered at the opening of navigation were the young men who wanted to sail for the summer and would then leave in September to return to school. The shipping season is at its height in September and the departure of the "college sailors" to their football or studies disrupts the personnel of ships at a time when it is almost impossible to hire real sailors to take their places.

The Hopkins Plan

PRESIDENT Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University reported in his March Commemoration Day address on the progress of the new plan which was adopted two years ago to supplant the liberal curriculum. Johns Hopkins, like many other universities, has been worried about the breakdown of liberal education, and, like several other institutions, has devised a plan to remedy it. Instead of trying to revise the liberal curriculum in such a way as to make it more effective, President Goodnow sponsored the alternate of practically abolishing it for capable upperclass students and allowing them to undertake university grade work.

"We have not had enough experience to enable us to reach a conclusion of any great value with regard to the success of the plan," President Goodnow reports. "In the first year that the plan went into operation, nineteen students, three of whom came from other institutions, entered under the new plan. Three of the nineteen were subsequently advised to drop the work, so that sixteen were in attendance at the end of the year. During the past year, thirty-two students with two years' preparation entered under the new plan. Six came from outside institutions. Two of the thirty-two were subsequently advised to drop the work, so that at the end of the year we had forty-two new plan students. This current year is the third year during which the plan has been in operation. At the beginning of the year, thirty-three students entered under the new plan, nine of whom came from other institutions. There are, therefore, at the present time about seventy students who entered under the new plan, and it is to be noticed that the number coming from other institutions is slowly increasing.

". . . generally the students who enter under the new plan stay with us and the testimony of the faculty is that this large majority are doing well."

A liberal education, President Goodnow believes, can best be attained by indirect method. That is why he is willing to permit the student to forego the usual rounded schedule of studies and concentrate on one subject at the end of his sophomore year in college. "Like happiness, which eludes the grasp of one who pursues it as an end, and would seem to be really incident to a well-ordered life where the desire to perform one's daily duties as effectively as possible is the primary end, the attainment of a liberal education would seem to be possible only as an incident to the broad-minded and thorough studying of some particular subject or group of subjects, the mastery of which is the end always kept in view by the student. Furthermore, a liberal education is dependent, as indeed is all education, upon the individual work of the student. If he is sincerely interested in some particular subject, he soon finds that to understand even that subject he must have considerable knowledge of its various ramifications. The pursuit of a liberal education, through imposing upon the student the necessity of studying superficially a large number of more or less unrelated subjects, will be in all probability, almost futile."

Pittsburgh Would Stifle Free Discussion
(*The Stanford Daily*)

Academic mortuary—thus did Scott Nearing term the modern American university in an article not long ago. Well might he have said that of the University of Pittsburgh where an effort by the student Liberal Club to hear a discussion of the Mooney-Billings case resulted in the club and its distinguished guest-lecturer, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Smith College sociologist, being driven into a nearby open lot where they conducted their discussion regardless of university action.

To the student who believes the university is a cultural center of free and open discussion and consideration of any and all discussions related to the welfare and existence of mankind, this is reprehensible. No matter what opinion is held by the university authorities on the Mooney-Billings case it is an actual problem involving jurisprudence and the legal structure and machinery of a state. Such a problem should not be beyond the consideration of any student in any university.

It is paradoxical that an institution professing as its reason for existence the teaching of the student to think for himself, to investigate, to weigh, to learn all that he can about living and all that living involves, should frustrate the efforts of its students to consider an actual contemporary problem.

Must the student sit back and spin pretty theories about the sacking of Troy, the money system of Babylon, the size of the amoeba, the composition of Roman greaves, the whole musty bag of antique and now dead problems rather than delving into living issues of the day? Why go to college, if consideration of living is prohibited? What if the state of California has committed an injustice? Let it be proved and rectified. The Mooney-Billings case involves the very thing, law enforcement, that President Hoover is appealing to the whole American people to consider.

The Tenth Amendment of the U. S. Constitution guarantees the American people the right of freedom of speech and freedom of assembly in these words, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the

(*Continued on page* 5)

As It Might Be

THAT many students are interested in "college as it might be" is evidenced by the fact that undergraduates and recent graduates of seventy-three colleges and universities in the United States and Canada entered *The New Republic's* essay contest on that subject. Howard Jay Graham, of the class of 1927 at Whitman College, California, was adjudged winner of the contest. The judges were: Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn of the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, Dean Max McConn of Lehigh University, author of *College or Kindergarten?* and Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the University of Chicago, one of the editors of *The New Republic.*

"The college misjudges us soda clerks, newsboys, shoe-salesmen's sons and preachers' daughters," says Mr. Graham, whose essay appeared in last week's *New Republic.* "Truly we are 'intellectual barbarians,' but to infer that we are incapable of education . . . raises the question 'incapable of *what kind* of education?' In place of the course system I propose an intensive searching study by each student of some problem, field, or institution in which he is interested."

Wise Technique

MANY colleges and universities might learn something from Ohio State University on the difficult subject of our changing manners and morals. Women leaders at the University have been agitating for abolishment of the rule forbidding their sex to smoke in the dormitories, rooming houses, and sorority houses, and a wise technique has been developed for handling the situation.

"It was clearly recognized," says the *Educational Research Bulletin* for May, "that the nature of the problem was such that emotional biases and prejudices would probably be exhibited by the individuals immediately concerned—householders, students, parents, faculty—and that in case of undesirable publicity and distorted information, the situation might develop a wholly unwarranted emotional reaction. Therefore, at the outset, the co-operation of the individuals most intimately concerned was secured. The campus publications and through them the down-town newspapers were fully informed about the issue and co-operated by refraining from publicity. Faculty members in official positions and leaders of the various women's organizations co-operated in the plan, which is reported here merely as an example of the type of solution attempted."

The leaders of the various women's organizations were given an opportunity to express their attitudes and prejudices concerning the question, and an attempt was made to have them recognized as emotional and irrational attitudes, resulting from particular situations and training. They were then given as much and as unbiased information as was obtainable in experimental literature concerning the physiological effects of smoking, and its possible favorable or unfavorable effect on occupational efficiency.

A careful analysis of the situation was made with the help of the student leaders to ascertain what the consequence of rescinding the rule might be and to make further provisions if necessary. At one of the meetings the student leaders were given an opportunity to hear expressions of opinion from various faculty members.

The student leaders were trained in the general technique of group discussion and then conducted discussions before their own groups. The purpose of these discussions was much the same as those of the discussions conducted with the leaders, namely: to get an open expression of opinion from the members of the group, and to give the groups information on the various questions mentioned.

The student leaders also obtained as much information as possible through casual conversation with other students, parents, and during vacation with the people of their home communities regarding their attitudes on the general question of women smoking and the more specific question of their smoking in the halls and dormitories of the University.

The question has not yet been definitely settled, but it is reported that the students have been "exceedingly co-operative," and that whatever decision is arrived at, the discussions will have made it "less emotional and a little more meaningful."

(*Continued from page* 4)

rights of the people to peaceably assemble." Not only has the University of Pittburgh cast aside the academic ideal of free thought, but also the constitutional right of American citizens to speak freely and assemble when they will. It is hoped that student opinion will protest this throughout the country.

"Dean-Natured Morality"

MANY attempts have been made in different colleges to identify the sitter for the pen portrait "Our Dean-Natured Morality," in our last issue: so many that we take this opportunity to point out what seems to us of more significance than the mere identification of the pen portrait. Discipline as administered by so many of our Deans is but one aspect of a sadly-neglected branch of college education.

The whole problem of sex in education is one that has been grievously neglected and *The New Student* is doing its best to bring it to the attention of educators and students. More and more we are realizing that college education is not merely a matter of book learning but it is also a matter of educating the whole personality. It is an antiquated attitude that would separate education and living, that would devote all effort to informing the mind and would leave the education of the body to chance and the deans. We live with our whole selves, body and mind, while at college, and our emotional development is just as important as our intellectual. For that reason courses in mental hygiene are spreading, and the more enlightened educators are advocating trained psychiatrists for the college staff, to whom cases of mental and physical maladjustment may be referred.

"Our Dean-Natured Morality" is the last of a series of articles in *The New Student* this year illuminating different aspects of sex in education. For those who have not read the foregoing articles, we refer to: our November issue, in which Miss Lorine Pruette discusses three important new books on mental hygiene, from the medical, psychological and educational points of view; our February issue in which Miss Suzanne LaFollotte discusses in a common sense manner the new morality; and our March issue with Professor Harry Elmer Barnes's article on "Sex Education."

A "Student" Paper

SOME lively consequences have attended the revival of "cut day" at Lake Forest College. On that day it used to be the custom for everyone to cut classes. When the old tradition was revived the faculty became indignant and expelled the student suspected of being the chief conspirator. They fired the campus bell-ringer who stayed home on "cut day," and then gave their statement of the affair to *The Stentor*, intimating that the student editor had better not comment on the news.

So near his diploma, the editor did as he was told. But the students, for whom the paper is ostensibly published, were not satisfied: "What was the matter with *The Stentor?*" "Why didn't it defend the students?" "Why, the fellow expelled was even a fraternity brother of his!"

The following week a notice appeared on the editorial page, which we reprint below:

"In answer to the many student inquiries as to why *The Stentor* omitted comment last week on the Bulow vs. The Faculty of Lake Forest College case we have decided to explain the situation in which we are placed to those who cannot understand it because of its obviousness. The students have long suffered under the delusion that *The Stentor* is their publication. Under the system of management in effect it cannot be such. Because there is all risk involved in the publishing of *The Stentor*, and because, realizing that, the College provides the editor with moderate remuneration for this thankless work, the editor is perforce obliged to support administrative and faculty acts whether he approves or no. The most he can do is omit comment. That we did. Another reason, simply expressed, we should like to be graduated. Several times this year we have toasted the faculty. Mr. Bulow toasted them too much. Mr. Bulow is ex-'30.

"That, dear readers, explains why we didn't come out last week with glaring headlines and scathing diafaculty. They hand out the diplomas. And until *The Stentor* becomes truly the students' own, editors will continue to be tacitly throttled."

Needless to say, the editor, Mr. Chester P. Holway, was suddenly removed by the faculty. His diploma we understand, will be forthcoming.

Mooney and Billings

IN APRIL we announced the formation of a national student committee for the freeing of Mooney and Billings; we are now glad to report that students in many colleges are beginning to be active in behalf of these two men whose imprisonment ten years ago for alleged participation in a bomb outrage was so potently unjust.

Some students in New York City colleges have formed a committee of representatives of all the colleges of Greater New York, with a faculty advisory committee composed of Harry Overstreet, Morris R. Cohen, Carleton Hayes, Howard L. McBain, and others. The students are:

Pauline Lewendowsky of Adelphi, Elizabeth Dublin of Barnard, Arthur Kellogg of Biblical Seminary, Morris Cohen of C. C. N. Y., Nathaniel Weyl of Columbia, Fannie Weren of Hunter, Anna Abramsky of New York University and Theodore Noss of Union Theological Seminary.

They are circulating the following petition among the students of their colleges:

To His Excellency C. C. Young, Governor of the State of California. Sir:

The undersigned professors and students of the colleges and universities of Greater New York, respectfully come before your Excellency and petition as follows:

WHEREAS, Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings are, and for the past thirteen years, have been confined in prisons in the State of California, under sentences of imprisonment for life, having been tried on indictments charging them and others with the murder of persons dying by reason of a bomb explosion on the 22nd day of July, 1916, on the occasion of the Preparedness Day Parade in San Francisco, on that date; and

WHEREAS the testimony against said Mooney and Billings has, in the case of many witnesses, been perjured; and

WHEREAS, 9 of the 10 jurors now living have, in the light of evidence now disclosed, expressed their belief in the innocence of said Mooney and Billings; and

WHEREAS, the trial judge, the Honorable Franklin A. Griffin, before whom the defendant Mooney was tried and convicted, is now actively working to secure the release of said defendants; and

WHEREAS, the Commission appointed by President Wilson to investigate the Mooney case have reported that it would appear that pressure from questionable sources had been brought to bear to secure a conviction in this case.

NOW, THEREFORE, believing that the guilt of Mooney and Billings has not been sufficiently established, we respectfully petition Your Excellency for their pardon and restoration to society.

The Barnard Bulletin, of Barnard College, New York, is running serially *The Story of Mooney and Billings*, published by the National Mooney-Billings Committee, Room 1403, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

At Stanford University, Pi Sigma Alpha, a political science fraternity, sent a petition to the Governor, asking for the freedom of the two men, after having heard Fremont Older, a veteran San Francisco newspaper man, discuss the celebrated case.

"During one of the San Francisco preparedness parades of 1916," he said, relating the story of the Mooney case, "ten people were killed by a bomb explosion. Suspicion immediately centered upon Thomas Mooney, a labor leader and general trouble-maker who had been influential in the P. G. and E. strike, and on Warren Billings, a labor tramp. They were convicted on slim evidence, and the former was sentenced to hanging, while the latter received life imprisonment sentence.

"President Woodrow Wilson, believing them to be innocent, appointed a committee of investigation, to be headed by Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School. 'Not guilty' was the report of the committee, and Wilson wired Governor Stevens, who changed Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment.

"The evidence on which these men were convicted has since been disproved by two witnesses from Los Angeles who put Oxman on the train in that city twenty minutes before the explosion occurred; and by the confessions of an underworld character that Oxman was not in San Francisco the day of the outrage.

"In spite of much strong feeling that they were innocent, including the statements of many of the men who had helped to run them down, Mooney and Billings have been in prison for thirteen years, kept there by the powerful elements of the community who do not want labor trouble-makers abroad. They are too radical even for the labor leaders themselves. Billings is thirty-three now, and taking a great interest in gardening at San Quentin; while Mooney, in Folsom, is living on a milk-and-orange-juice diet, being quite a sick man."

The Stanford Daily warmly commended the political club for its action, in the following words:

"It is a commendable stand, a stand that evidences the opinion of a large majority of the present college generation. Liberal organizations in universities all over the country are taking up the cause to gain justice for these men now in prison for a crime that all evidence proves they did not commit.

"Such an attitude and such action augurs well for the future. An active, intelligent minority united toward the end of seeing justice done in the political life of the United States wil go far to make justice more of a reality than it has been kept in the past. The *Daily* heartily endorses the action of Pi Sigma Alpha."

AS we go to press word comes that Chancellor Flint of the University of Syracuse has ordered the University Forum of that institution to change its name. The organization is composed of students and professors who meet regularly to discuss religion, science and other topics.

The Chancellor acted shortly after Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, an alumnus of Syracuse, spoke before the Forum on the need for a new conception of religion in the light of modern science.

Chancellor Flint justifies his action by the statement that the group never gained official sanction from the University, and has no right to the word "University" in its title. He has further ruled that the Forum must not hold meetings that are open to the general public, and that newspaper reporters must be excluded from the meetings.

Stormy Politics

POLITICAL meaneuverings still continue to hold the center of the stage in many colleges this month. The elections for student officials have been accompanied by an unusual amount of political thunder this pring. In many cases the power of political rings is being challenged.

At Northwestern University the Independent party is demanding that the recently held election be declared null and void. It insists that it was illegally conducted by the fraternity group which holds the reins of power.

In a long and vigorous article *The Daily Northwestern* backs the Independents. These non-fraternity men, aided by some of the weaker fraternities, determined this year to have a voice in running student affairs. Their leaders caused a system of proportional representation to be adopted, which would insure a minority representation of the student body. Then, "without the week's notice in the *Daily* and on bulletin boards required by the student handbook; without proper deadline for receiving petitions as set by the handbook, and without many, many other things which the council's bible prescribes as the law for elections, the council announced last week that elections would be held yesterday."

Despite this trick the Independents emerged victorious from the primaries. The fraternity group then removed the names of all Independent men from the ballot, giving as a reason a letter sent out to the students by the Independent party on the eve of the election day.

The Independents insist that the whole election was illegal and demand another one.

Competing fraternities at the University of Colorado had planned to say it with eggs on election day. For that purpose they had stored in their various cellars thirty crates awaiting proper ripeness. But President George Norlin got wind of this and on the afternoon before election called a meeting of all fraternity upperclassmen, at which he annouced that there would be no election until he could be assured that no egg-throwing or vandalism would take place. The eggs were turned in to the college authorities, hauled to the city dump and dynamited.

At the University of Southern California and Oregon State College re-election may have to be held in the former case because the nominees were ineligible for office due to low grades and in the latter because of the accusation of irregular election practices.

"Browsing Room"

The plea of Professor Stanley E. Swartley for comfortable and inviting college libraries (*New Student, November*, 1928) has been answered in the specifications of at least one new library building. Librarian H. W. Leach of Lehigh University announces many new improvements in the new library building.

Most interesting of these is the students' browsing room. This room will be fitted up as a club room with easy chairs, floor lamps, and ash trays. Here will be placed the best books of all times, both classic and modern works. It will be the only room where students will be allowed to smoke. Another valuable innovation will be the small cubicles near the windows, each with a table and chair for individual study, where the student may work in isolation.

International Press

URGING the establishment of an international collegiate press association, Mr. Richard J. Beamish of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* assured a convention of college editors at Allentown, Pa., that President Hoover would co-operate in such a project. The occasion for the speech was the annual convention of the Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States.

Mr. Beamish accompanied the President on his South American good will tour and at that time became imbued with the good-will-between-nations ideal. The establishment of such an association would, he believes, help to foster good will by interchange of cultural interests.

The Parting Way

By JOHN RIORDAN

OLD GUS started his talk when the tables had been cleared, and the cigars were being presented with the compliments of the alumni. The first words were new; they concerned the appropriateness of this occasion. They led all too quickly into the reminiscences which had featured because of the time they occupied, the six other banquets they had sat through on the trip. The class was at a table by itself, having escaped being sociable. If an alumnus presented money for food for himself and food for an undergraduate, he was unfortunate in being cheated of the chance to learn about the university state of affairs, and no one had cheated at the early banquets. Grouped, it was now listening.

Ted said: "Christ, he's saying the same things again."

Joe Robins leaned over to him, "We certainly need a glass of beer to make us forget this. Does that door take us out?"

Mac and Mike were close together on the other side of the table.

Mac said, "A class has no honor if it can listen to that speech more than six times."

Mike said, "The speech without the gestures wouldn't be so bad. Why does he twirl his hand around the magnetic fluxes as if they were his own? He pushes out his stomach, and only the hold he has on the magnetic fluxes saves him from going over backwards. I suppose we're in for it again."

Old Gus was describing his first job when Ted and Joe got out.

Richardson Smith said, "I don't think we ought to go off and leave during the speeches, when the alumni have invited us to the banquet to listen."

Mike said, "Ted said that hotel around the corner from ours has the best beer of the trip. I'll bet he and Joe are headed for it. When do we go?"

He and Mac were the next pair out onto the black streets of this strange city. The coal dust was sifted by the winds and fell steadily over the town continually, day by day, in a light soot-fall. The city had a stir, which was not directly apparent, of the banked blast furnaces outlying it; they were walking through its streets with the impressions of the blast furnaces seen on an inspection trip still lively.

The little beer hotel was around a corner and down two steps. It was a small white old building with memories. The bar in the basement was still the center of events, and the chief feature. Behind it was an old-time barkeep, an enormous apron tied around an enormous beer belly, a bald pate showing a pair of locks clearly glistening where they lay. The bar-rail was over sawdust, a free lunch stood at one end, and behind the barkeep, before the mirrors, shone a shelf of bottles, whiskies and gin and waters. There were men at the bar and at the tables, and the barkeep was presiding, tuning the scene with solemn chant.

Ted and Joe were already well known. Within this group they were discussing the next president, the paving of the streets of the city, general commodity prices, and the racetrack.

Ted shouted, "How in hell did you fellows get here? What's to become of our class honor? Somebody's got to stick by and uphold it."

Mac said, "Though all the rest depart, there will be sure to remain—Richardson Smith."

Ted said, "Fine. You're right. Have one on me. What's your drink boys?"

Mac and Mike took their drinks without thanks. They were distinguished from Ted at school; he was a fraternity man and they were not. No matter how friendly he appeared to be, they knew

and he knew that there was this difference. Mac was a high stand man, with an acceptable background. He was not out of the running in the university, except in the things he didn't try for. He hadn't done any visiting during the week the fraternities were electing, saying they were too damned snobbish. He preferred going around with the young high school boy Mike who was entirely out of the running. Mike was a tight little soul, rather ingrown. He hadn't been able to get the college attitude during the four years. He suffered from too little money, and bad tailoring. The fellows generally liked him, but he had no standing, because he hadn't done anything, athletics or the papers. He was a good student; but so was Richardson Smith.

They stood at the end of the bar near the door, away from Ted and the gang of men.

Mike said, "Well, we need a few more of these foaming glasses. The beer is good here."

It was a light ale, with a proper mellow flavor, and with more than a few per cent. Mike was taking his down very fast; Mac was eating Saratoga chips and sipping.

Mike said, "That old duffer will go on with that speech, word for word with the one he gave in New York. I'll bet he gave the very same one last year on the same trip, and every one else there knows it as well as we do."

Mac said, "He's in his dotage Mike. Time has stopped passing for him and every time he gives that speech it's as if he were giving it for the first time. They all behave that way after sixty. When you get to be sixty, you'll tell your children about the wonderful time you had drinking beer after you had escaped from an old man who talked too often."

Mike said, "I won't get to be sixty. I won't be an old drone living off the young blood."

Freddy Foster and Pete Peters arrived.

Ted said, "Noble."

Pete said, "We'll have the whole gang here soon. They're drifting out, one by one, and old Gus is only in his early manhood. They'll all be out before he makes his first invention, even Richardson Smith."

Ted said, "No, not Richardson, he'll never leave."

Pete said, "He may be the last man out but he'll not be a traitor to the class. I sat next to him, and I convinced him he'd be going back on all of us if he sat there alone. He'll come all right."

Ted set them up the first glass, and repeated with every newcomer. With each turn of the door he awaited Richardson; when he arrived the last correct attitude would have been discarded. The gang kept coming, each bringing along reports of old Gus' progress and of Richardson's battle with temptation. A stirring dramatic situation was building; Richardson's entrance was being prepared with the astonishing connivance of Nature. Ted was fighting the battle of capital versus labor with the men; he had had about seven beers, and his true colors were showing. The barkeep was doing his best to keep them quiet —against great odds. The gang spread along the bar, and took their beers to the tables. They stuck to beer. On top of the banquet they raided the free lunch. And the free lunch was better.

Mac and Mike held their place at the bar. Mac would have gone to a table but Mike would not be moved from the bar with its clear vista of those innumerable bottles of whiskies, gin, and waters. Mike was talking of the parasites in society. There were too many men and women who didn't earn what they lived on. Mike was warming up to his subject just when Richardson arrived.

The gang united in an uproarious paean of thanks that Richardson had at last been victorious over his stern and unyielding belief in what his grandmother had told him. He was cheered thrice; they crowded around him, slapped him on the back, and sang the song of Bullocky Bill, the Sailor. Richardson leaned on the bar and shouted, "What will it be, boys, this one is on me." They cheered again and had one.

Ted was guided by helping hands along the line to Richardson. He said, "Say, Smithie, you've done a wonderful thing. I'm proud to greet you tonight. I do so for the whole class. I think this is the distinguishing mark of your college career."

"Well," Smithie said, "I figured it this way. We've only got a short time together. Soon enough we'll all be separated, some perhaps by the length of an entire continent. We may be spending our last hours together. I figured this was a good opportunity to be with you fellows, and to be enjoying your good fellowship while I may. After all I'll have plenty of time to settle down, and maybe not another opportunity of this sort."

The whole gang applauded. Mac said to Mike, "He won't have any trouble settling down; he's settled."

Ted had his arm on Smithie's shoulder. He said, "Smithie, never forget the spirit of good fellowship. It's a gift."

Smith's face was beaming. He was hynotized by the recognition given to him. For four years he had been hard at his books and was graduating "magna cum laude." His father had worked hard for the money that was paying Smith's way through college, and Smith felt obliged to get the best return for it. Now his father would be pleased with the result and Smithie would be prepared to get a good steady job, settle down, and save his money so that his son might be able to have the advantage of going to college. Just at this moment he realized that books are not all that college can give, and he wished that he had been able to do the other things. He was an eager listener to the stories that had started to go the rounds.

The noise from the silent activity of drinking beer was enormous. An old man at a corner table said, "These youngsters certainly do take plenty of this stuff into them when they get into a gang. They won't stop till they're carried out."

"Well," said his partner, "they've got the youth to do it. They've got no wife and kids to go home to, no job to get them up in the morning."

Mike had gotten well along on the topic of parasites. He was talking about the cause. He said, "Mac, they talk about their progress, industrial progress, specialization and all that. What kind of progress is it which increases the number of people who fatten on the labor of other people who have to do the dirty work? What progress is there for those men working in the mills we went through today? What do they get out of it? Did you look at the bleak little shanties on the sides of those bare black hills, where they live? What do you think of them? A fellow told me they live as many as two or three families together in those outhouses. By God, what do they have to do that for? Someone ought to show up all this progress."

Mac said, "You get the idea wrong, Mike. There isn't any progress for these people; the progress goes for you and me. We get the benefits. These men slave away so that you and I can have the advantage of a modern university, drink beer, and discuss the trend of events and progress. The Greeks had slaves. Would you have this discussion disappear?"

"You're damn right I would, Mac, and the sooner the quicker. You didn't see the men working at the refractory furnaces, eating their lunches with their hands still encrusted with the damned stuff they have to handle. Probably wasn't a place near enough to clean them. When men are obliged to work in those conditions there is no progress."

"You've been brought up to be a proletarian, Mike, and I suppose you'll have a hard time understanding the aristocratic point of view. You know, by the law of the conservation of energy, you can't get something for nothing. Also you can't work and have leisure. In order to provide for a society where it is possible to develop the goods of life, which are in the high arts and pure mathematics, a certain amount of purely physical labor is necessary. Who is better able to supply this than those gifted by nature with physical strength and capacity?"

"From the way you've been brought up, Mac, you are unable to have any feeling about the slavery you live by. By what right are you and I fitted to enjoy the fruits of their labor? Why is it that they, the workers, are not able to get any of the goods? The hell with your pure mathematics and the higher arts. Who's who can say he deserves these damn indulgences? It's the same thing as the lousy fraternity system. Someone thinks he's better because he's like the people who happen to have the money."

"I grant, Mike, that I've got a natural disposition to think about this situation in the way I do. But I don't see how you are logically correct in thinking this slavery isn't necessary. You certainly don't kick about using animals and vegetables for food; they're enslaved to your advantage as certainly as the workers are, and if you happened to be good eating, no doubt at all about it, you'd be cursing the system that arranged that you should be good eating. Well, I haven't anything to do with designing the system, and I know that any other I fixed up would probably be as bad, so why in hell worry?"

Freddie leaned over from his position next them, "What in hell are you fellows getting so hot hot about? Can't you drink your beer without being highbrow and discussing the problems of the universe?" Freddie was a fraternity man. All he knew about Mac and Mike after going to classes with them for four years was that they talked highbrow when they talked together.

Mac said, "Not the universe this time, Foster. Mike thinks the social system is all wrong because they allow factories like the one we went through today."

Mike said, "You're bound to agree with Mac, so I suppose you may as well listen to what I say. I say the social system we have today is about the same thing as the fraternity system. Some are born in the manner to which the fraternities are accustomed, and the others aren't worth a damn except to work out the class problems and turn over their notebooks at examination time."

The barkeep wanted to set up another round and Mike's glass was half full. Mac said, "Have your drink Mike, we've got plenty time to talk about this."

The barkeep leaned over to Mac and said, "That young fellow is getting just about enough, you better let him drink it slow."

Mike tossed the glass; he said, "Another all around Charlie, I need some steam to talk sense to these fellows."

Freddie said, "I don't get you about the similarity between the factory system and the fraternity system. I don't mind telling you that I personally don't give a damn about the fraternity system. It may be that you two fellows who didn't show up as leaders in college will be the big men of the class after ten years out. All the fraternities do is to collect fellows of the same kind and give them a place to live for four years. They all get over it when they get out a while."

Mike said, "Fine time to say that now. After four years of not noticing us, you tell us we're not so bad when we're leaving and it looks as if we might amount to something after all. The fraternities make the man who's got the money sure that he's important. Just like the factories make the bosses and the office clerks think that they're important. What's a factory for? To make things. Why aren't the workers who actually make the things given the credit?"

Freddie said, "I'll tell you one thing the fraternity system isn't given credit for: the fact that it turns certain fellows into radicals. Now I don't feel myself to be any better than either of you. I feel a little worse. You can work the problems that have been given us in school and I can't. If

the old man doesn't give me an allowance for a year at least I'm going to be in a bad way. Anyway, whatever we've been in school we've all got an equal shot at the jobs that are being offered."

Mike said, "Yes, we'll all get lousy jobs and hardly any pay for a year. I don't care about the fraternities any more anyway. I won't see a Greek letter any place except in equations."

Mike was waving on his supports as he spoke. The bar slipped forward beneath him. Mac and Freddie were supporting each other. They checked him as he slid forward. Behind them the noises of the group went on. More beers were placed on the bar and placed in the stomachs. Mike stood back by himself. He was very wobbly. He tried to hold on and continue his discussion. His beer was by his elbow unnoticed.

Mac said, chiefly to Freddie, for Mike couldn't hear because of the difficulty of holding his position, "Mike is a wild talker. I hope you don't think I agree with what he has said. He talks through his feelings, and you can't talk him out of them."

Freddie said, "I didn't know that he felt he was being snubbed. I didn't bother to talk to him because I figured he didn't want to talk to me."

Mike lost his position and slid all the way forward along the bar, till he was stopped when his heel caught in one of the bar-rail brackets. His momentum propelled him in the opposite direction; he oscillated on the bar-rail. Mac steadied him, and piloted him to the men's room.

In the white tiled room, one bare glaring bulb before a mirror showed up Mike's white staring face. He reeled against the wall, falling. He was murmuring, "Who is better than who, anyway?" Mac was only a trifle more steady; they moved anfractuously across the room.

The gang had gathered about Ted who had a seat on the bar. They were singing their favorite songs, which they had sung on every sleeper. Richardson Smith was the loudest of the singers, even though he had become familiar with the songs just this minute. He had his arms on the shoulders of two of his classmates. They did their best for the Ring-Dang-Doo and when this chorale was done Richardson shouted, "Fellows, I'm certainly sorry that I've missed other occasions such as this one. Probably I've missed the best part of college life. After all, marks aren't the only things that count. I'm darned sorry I've passed up my opportunities before."

Ted said, "You've got it now, the proper male spirit. College will do it for every one. This is the way college men are made. Don't let it leave you."

Mike heard the speech as he came out. He said, "It gets them all, the proper college spirit. Forget you're alive for four years if you haven't got it when you get there, but when you're leaving you'll have it, or no one will notice you. It gets them all. At the last moment the greasy grind lowers his colors and becomes the college type with the college ideas and the proper male spirit. Hurray for the system, it's fed on the smoke of the blast furnaces."

The gang said, "Oh down the dirty crabber."

Ted said, "Shave and swallow your whiskers, Mike, and maybe you'll grow up."

Mike said, "You've grown up and you're dead already." But his voice was lost in the outburst of song which came from the gang, more interested in Captain Dick from Kalamazoo.

He said, "That gang won't have an idea in its life. Fine chance of telling them what it's doing to them."

Mac said, "Come on Mike, we'd better get back to the hotel."

Coonskin Smugness in the Forecastle

By Forrest Allen

UPROOTED from his Greek-lettered environment the typical coonskin collegian tends to appear absurd. Particularly does he become so when he sets out upon, as he fondly imagines, the Royal Road to Romance. However successful the sale of travel hyperboles, the truth seems to be that the sea, in spite of steam and novelists, is not altogether a child's playground. And the sea spoken of here is the sailor's sea—it signifies more than an expanse of blue-green water adjoining a summer resort. Perhaps its entire significance cannot be compressed within a single sentence. To seamen it means ships and mates, ports and cargoes, bosuns and work—and infinitely more, it means a life. It is into this life that the student so vociferously thrusts himself.

Our Atlantic seaboard is annually invaded by collegians with the burning light of wanderlust in their eyes. Like June-bugs swarming about a midsummer lamp they infest waterfronts and pierheads. One finds them in shipping offices offering sums of money for seaman's papers. Sailors view them with mingled amusement and contempt; they are called "sightseers," "Hard-up tourists," and "white collar bums." Unfortunately a large number succeed in getting aboard ships, and along toward July they are to be found "on the beach" in foreign ports. Frequently "on the rocks," as well. Unfortunately, that is to say, for the good name of college students in general. I was a sailor before I was a college student and I have been enough of both to observe that, within the range of my experience, the college man's behavior at sea sheds no glory on the college.

Nothing is more ludicrous to sailors than the spectacle of a college student out of soundings. A novice's lack of skill on a job is excusable anywhere, but this is more than lack of skill. It is a singular confusion of naive conceit and bovine awkwardness. To be conservative, out of every one hundred students going down to the sea in ships, eighty-five are not worth their monthly wage—that is, about $20. Before the general run of college boys have been aboard twenty-four hours they have earned the title "pests." When there is to be done a job requiring common sense plus a little native dexterity, the bosun usually sends the pests aft to sweep down the well-deck, where they may fall all over themselves without doing anyone injury. To judge by some of its products, college training increases the size of feet, grafts fingers together, and short-circuits the spinal cord.

But this is not all. The ballyhoo type of collegian sins at sea in an even more disheartening manner. He might overcome physical inefficiencies. He can and sometimes does attain a degree of skill in working with his hands. His mental attitudes, however, seem less remediable, and herein lie the deeper sources of his ill repute. Might I suggest that some cultural voice of the student, such as *College Humor*, conduct a contest for the best design for a college boy sailor's button? It might be patterned after the identification badge of our service clubs, and would carry the device, "I AM A COLLEGE STUDENT." A megaphone rampant might be included. Such a badge would greatly relieve both sailor and student. As it now is all of this information must pass by word of mouth. Five minutes after the college student comes aboard the bosun knows his secret; during the first noon-hour the fo'c'stle learns all; and after the student's first watch on the bridge the mates share the wonderful revelation. Sometimes the black gang must wait hours or even a day for the news. All would be expedited by the badge.

Now the smug attitude behind this eagerness to be immediately identified with college seems to denote a class-consciousness not altogether welcome aboard a freighter. It is not fostered by seamen surely. It is viewed, in truth, with no little disrespect. By and large sailors fail to measure up to the Methodist code of morals, yet they are, in their own poor way, capable men engaged for a living in rough, essential work, imbued with a degree of pride in their task, and possessed, fairly or unfairly, of an inherent distrust for all landlubbers. To be regarded as exhibits, like freaks in a cage, seems to irritate them. They resent being "on display."

And college boys by their every other word disclose that they consider themselves remotely superior to the lowly sailor, in social station, in training, in intellectual equipment, in worldly wisdom. Their favorite pose is that of looking down upon the common man from lofty heights of under-done sophistication. Still to my mind there are few more pitiful sights than that of a collegian attempting to convince a fo'c'stle crew that the straits of Bosporous lie between the mainland of India and the coast of Australia, or that Syria belongs to the British. If students are ridiculously clumsy about their shipboard tasks, they are almost equally absurd in the general run of their shipboard dissertations. Seamen are a rough, unintelligent lot, yet I have to discover one who cannot pierce the sham of the college student's wisdom.

Personally I incline to the opinion that countless sailors in native intelligence are equal or superior to the academic half-baked. The seaman's contempt for the collegian is not altogether groundless. Unquestionably the sea imprints her stamp upon her own; seamen receive training which is listed in no college curriculum. A certain iron-like element enters the sailor's makeup which once attained is never quite lost. Occasionally this quality emerges in literature, coming from the pens of such writers as Conrad or Tomlinson or McFee. Nevertheless, the collegian, in whom one might reasonably expect a certain amount of insight, bustles about the fo'c'stle as though the college fraternity were the ultimate achievement of man, and all are lost who have not wept or whooped for "dear old Rutgers."

What does your college boy tourist expect to get out of the experience? Most of them cannot tell you, definitely—adventure, romance, supplementary education—a great long list of rational and sentimental longings appears when the question is put. Their dreams are fanciful enough, but the ingrained self-complacency of their mental posture forestalls the derivation of anything truly valuable from travel. Their misunderstanding of their fellow-beings is encyclopedic. Their smugness is not restricted to the ship, it is carried ashore in foreign ports. As far as I have been able to learn from talks with them, the world in their eyes is a vague, picture post-card, Cook-tourist sphere of misconceptions. And a summer voyage destroys but few of their childish illusions. They find it impossible ever to leave America behind. Blinded by their own snobbish conceit they shed new experiences as a mole's sightless eyes shed the rays of the sun.

Whence does the college boy derive this cocksure sense of superiority? For more than two years, about half as long as I lived with seamen, I have rubbed shoulders with college students, and I confess to no enlightenment. Intimate acquaintanceship reveals no divine endowments. His opportunities seem to have been above the ordinary, but seldom are these of his own making. His education exerts no humbling influence. The collegian is anything but humble. He is a college man, Yo Ho! One would think, to see its bearers mingling with the common lot, that the B. A. degree was a contract with God, sort of a 50-yard line ticket at the game of life. But perhaps such a generalization is unjust. Per-

haps this attitude is the more noticeable one because it is so evident. But it is the stigma attached to college boy sailors by all the seamen I have known. It is the attitude most common among the collegians abroad.

Experience and time, it is to be hoped, will tend to iron out some of these wrinkles. Compare these two incidents of a Mediterranean voyage of last summer. The freighter in which I was working picked up two "work-a-ways" in Beirut, Syria. Modestly, in the course of their first day aboard, these two youths let it be known that they were college men. They needn't have told. All the identifying characteristics were there. They talked too much and stalled on the job. Under the delusion that they were working just to earn their meals, these youths shared the common belief among work-a-ways that the passage is worth nothing (on this line from Beirut to New York costs about $200). The boys lasted across the Mediterranean and jumped ship in the first port in Spain. Possibly the Mate, the Bosun, and the A. B.'s conspired to give the students all the dirty work.

In Valencia we picked up another work-a-way. He had little to say. When the Mate discovered that he could converse in Spanish he was used to check cargo and acted as general handy man with the loading gangs. Everyone liked him from the first and he was accepted in the fo'c'stle as one of the crew. Between Malaga and Seville he told me that he was returning to complete a university course. He had come out a year ago on a cattle boat and had worked, he said, for ten months as a laborer in Spain. I told him that his secret was safe with me, and that would he be wise, he would share it no further. As far as I know he did not. In New York the Mate wished to ship him on for the next trip as ordinary seaman. A year away from his alma mater, it would seem, had contributed toward maturing this lad's vocal cords and had sharpened his powers of perception. He had succeeded, briefly, in slipping his campus masquerade.

Yet collegians by and large are reluctant to relinquish their disguise. The romantic aspect of a summer in a ship is in their eyes a thousand times enhanced by wearing the collegiate label. It is their pose. Glowing in their imaginations are the headlines the home town press will carry —"Smartmouth Student Drops Books for Marlinspikes—Local Lad Labors in Dirty Dungarees as Common Sailor." Occasional marine photographers for the seaboard newspapers, hard-pressed for copy, propagate these journalistic fancies by snapping a group of college huskies sailing with the common slum in the grand old *Tuskarora*. When the picture appears four hundred hearts go pitter pat in four hundred collegian breasts, and thus begins a renewed attack along the waterfront.

Perhaps the fault is not altogether the college man's. Glorified tramps who capitalize on their hoboing in books are in part to blame. These ultra-bums send the collegian on his way, bent on decorating his conversation with fascinating place-names. Thus engaged he seems to consider that American consuls are scattered across the face of the earth for his particular benefit. For him ships exist for no other purpose than to traffick in and feed intrepid adventurers. If the college student beating his way around the world on a dime realized what an undiluted nuisance he is, he might honestly try to be less loudly offensive in his bravado.

In a talk about collegiate sailors a shipmate of mine once remarked, "You know, this is my job, it's been my living for nine years, and here these kids come aboard—they don't know how to work, they can't even keep themselves clean—and still they look at us as though we were odd as seven. Tell me, do you really learn anything at college?" The question is difficult to answer in face of the quality of the usual collegiate sailor. Without the slightest understanding of the sea, her commerce or her men, the blatant student is a sad commentary upon the benefits of college training. And to the sailor, who has never seen him at his own job on the campus, the student seems pretty much an adolescent fool.

Seamen need no defenders, no champions. However much of a summertime nuisance the collegian becomes, shipping will somehow carry on. The sailor does his work and spends his money; he cares little what the world in general or the college student in particular thinks of him. It is the college that needs a fairer representation. As it becomes increasingly difficult for the college student to find berths on ships, the situation may right itself. But if the collegian must continue to cheat his way from port to port, let him learn that he will win or lose the respect of those with whom he comes in contact, not by the social station of his progenitors or by the number of butlers his home boasts, but solely by the manner in which he performs the tasks assigned to him. His most difficult discipline will be in snubbing a loosely hung jaw. If he cannot refrain from flouting his collegiate banner to the four winds, it would be better that he stay ashore and peddle aluminum.

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Inside the Fraternity

MUCH has been said of the recent and amazing rush of young men to the colleges. They're all going—the young hopefuls of every butcher and baker and candlestick maker. But little has been said of the fraternities which are for many their only reason for going at all. Dad pays the big bills and wonders what these mysterious "assessments" are that Son has pleaded as reason enough for a raise in his allowance. Dad goes down to look over the new "house" that Son has been "pledged" to. He finds him surrounded with a bevy of polite and correct young men. Dad thinks Son looks rather peaked, as though he needed a little more sleep. So on and so on. But Dad can never know about fraternties by visiting one, for the brothers unconsciously drop into their rushing season habits and Dad is somewhat flattered by the earnest attention he gets from these fine young men. . . . And that's all.

This is a critical inquiry into the whole idea of the fraternity system as it is. It may be asked how I can write with any experience upon this subject, for if I am a fraternity man, I will be thought a poor one (by fraternity men), and if I am not, how can I know anything about them? Well, I am in a strange position, fortunate or otherwise. I have had the opportunity to watch the inside workings of a typical fraternity in a large Eastern college for two months, the period that elapsed from the time I took a button, symbolical of my being pledged, to the time I turned the button in, thus breaking off my relations with the fraternity. I was intimately connected with another house for the rest of my one year there. And so, I am in a rather strategic position.

II

Fraternities have a very definite effect upon the student body. This college I attended during my freshman year has an enrollment of approximately 1,000 students. Of this number about half are fraternity men. And between these two factions, the fraternity men on the one side and the non-fraternity men on the other, there is a sharp distinction, never explicit, but always there. Through self defense the one side has learned to disdain, or at least to disregard the other.

In no single aspect of college life is this distinction more apparent than in the social. A fraternity man eats, sleeps, and lives in a congenial, and outwardly harmonious environment. A non-fraternity man may take his meals at a eating club (there is no Commons at this particular college under discussion). The dormitory arrangements for him are merely adequate. He has nothing like the attractive lounge-room that is a feature of every campus fraternity. As to his extra-curricular life, practically every campus activity is controlled by the political machine of the fraternities. And the outsider who breaks in is the exceptional man. If he is too exceptional he will probably be taken into a fraternity. They won't stand for competition outside their own ranks. As to his social life, the non-fraternity man is automatically excluded from the continual round of affairs that looms so importantly upon the fraternity horizon. His group may have its occasional dances, but even these cannot escape the stigma of being "non-fraternity" affairs. No girl, not even the familiar college town product, likes to be seen at them. She feels instinctively that it might compromise her socially.

Thus, more than half of the student body is effected by an unfair caste-system. Perhaps this is not so true of a large university in the city where the social life is more decentralized. But it is certainly true of the smaller "fraternity" college where one-half of the student body is made to feel, in a thousand subtle ways, the social superiority of the other half. Some of the un-elect simply disdain it. The few, perhaps, who are in college with the quaint, obsolete motive of getting an education. Many more must silently resent it and chafe under it for four long years. Others seem to be content to group together with a few classmates and have as good a time as they can.

But this haphazard organization of the non-fraternity body is at best a social make-shift and should give considerable pause to the powers-that-be in a college. Perhaps a large Campus House with a Commons and lounge-rooms such as there is at Dartmouth would be one solution. This is not meant as a fable in eugenics with a moral at the end of it, Aesop-wise, but to think that more than half of an undergraduate body of college men must go to cheap dance-halls and beer-joints to have their little fun. It does seem like a serious question. It isn't that such places are beneath the notice of fraternity men. Lord no! They practically support most of them. But they have the opportunity at least for a slightly more refined social life that non-fraternity men miss entirely.

III

I made reference above to the political machine of the fraternities. This intricate system controls practically every important campus office; class elections, chairmanships of various committees and so on. Politics, next to poker, is probably the favorite indoor sport among fraternity men. Combines, the spoils system, corruption—everything just like its big brother, national politics. I remember one incident connected with the workings of this political system that made me wonder what college was all about anyway.

The big social event of the year was a three-day "brawl," immediately following mid-year exams at the end of January. The handling of the expenses of this affair was entrusted to the chairman of a committee, "elected" by the class, or more exactly, railroaded through by means of a clever combine. The chairman was a fraternity man, of course.

Towards the end of the term some weeks later a member of Student Council (one of the non-fraternity men) noticed that this chairman had neglected to submit a detailed account of the expenses, as is the custom. He brought it to the notice of Council. After much delay, the absent-minded chairman was ordered to appear before them and to submit his itemized account. He did so, and had the consummate nerve to hand in one that showed a $200 deficit! This was too brazen a slip for Council to smooth over. And so, after a still longer delay (one that permitted the chairman to finish out his season as pitcher on the varsity baseball team), he was summoned before the Disciplinary Committee of Student Council. Here he was confronted with the actual itemized bills of expenses that showed a total far below the one he had submitted. Figures don't lie and he was forced to admit that he couldn't account for over a thousand dollars of the money he had received from his classmates. Not until then did the college take action and dismiss him.

IV

In recent years American colleges have been deluged with a certain type of fellow who goes there simply because it is the thing to do. He usually has plenty of

money, a high or a prep-school education and an immense yearning for "college" life. He is the popular type of fraternity prospect and is rushed from the day college opens.

A word about the system of rushing. It is practically the same everywhere. In a few colleges men are not pledged until their sophomore year. In fewer still, their junior. But these are the notable exceptions. The general custom is to rush members of the incoming freshmen class and to pledge them within two weeks after the opening of college.

The inadequacy of such a system is quite obvious. The fraternities themselves are under a handicap. The brothers must spend many long and frantic hours mulling over and over the new prospects. They try to select a delegation that will be well-balanced, one that will have its athletes, its social lights in the making, its "good fellows" who may hold class-offices later, and finally one or two of the more serious sort. Of course it never works out that way. The athlete will lean towards the house which has an athletic atmosphere, that may have taken the form during rushing season of mild horse-play (when the rushees weren't looking). The social light will gravitate towards the smooth, well-padded milieu. And so on down the scale.

Thus the tendency is for fellows of the same type to band together, a tendency so inevitable and chronic that the atmosphere of every fraternity house on a campus can usually be defined in a single blanket-word, such as: smooth, rounders, athletes, wetties, etc. This doesn't include by any means each individual member of a certain house. The words are simply collective expressions of each fraternity's most obvious feature. And what I want to emphasize is the strength a fraternity has for impressing this collective atmosphere upon all of its pledges. The typical (I won't say "ideal") fraternity man is a composite reflection of his house.

As to the reaction of the pledge himself to the rushing. It is rather pleasant and also very bewildering to a freshman to be dropped into an entirely new environment, and then to have attention showered upon him by droves of serious-faced young men who seem to spring up miraculously at his very feet, hand extended, arm half-crooked elbow high in the approved college manner. A freshman has to depend upon superficial impressions, snap judgments to guide his choice of house. Even these are misleading, for nowhere is there a more artificial, unnatural atmosphere of restraint than in a fraternity house during the rushing season. A deliberately affected atmosphere that is designed to be interpreted by each unsuspecting freshman as a direct tribute to the awe-inspiring solemnity of his august presence. And under these circumstances he is expected to make his choice of a fraternity.

Right here is where many a freshman goes wrong. If there were only some way of impressing upon him the grave importance of the choice he is making: the selection of what is to be his home for the next four years, and of the sort of men he will have to live with for a varying number of years. But no. He is so afraid the bids may be recalled that he immediately jumps to accept what seems to him the likeliest one. And we have seen above how artificial the conditions that influence this judgment must be.

He should at least wait and see whether he likes the fellows in the new delegation of the fraternity he is favoring, for they are the ones he will have to be with all through his college years. This advice might seem to parallel the case of the church-going lady who said that if everybody would only remain in their pews as she did till most of the people had left, there wouldn't be that awful crush at the doors. But there is little danger of a freshman holding out on a fraternity bid. Too little danger. Most of them choose in accordance with the motives that brought them to college, and know even before they get there which one they want to go to. They throw themselves into fraternity life with neither reserve nor restraint. And if they have the innate intelligence to hurdle a few bothersome exams they emerge, like buttons from a mold, typical fraternity men They absorb the all-pervading collective atmosphere of their house. They subordinate their own personality to it, in order to resemble as nearly as possible that ideal paragon, the fraternity man. I have in mind an example of just such an absorption, and will sketch the brief Odyssey of a Ulysses whom we shall call Mac.

V

Mac roomed beside me in one of the freshman dormitories. We struck up a casual acquaintance and had a great many talks together. None of them were of a very serious nature, pre-school stories and girls mostly. . . . He told me once that his only reason for coming to college was to make a fraternity.

He pledged one that was well-known (after rushing season was over) for its drunkards and "rounders." And for a fraternity to be known as such upon a campus that is notorious for its liquid propensities anyway, is certainly the very highest of alcoholic honors. I saw very little of Mac thereafter. He was always "at the house." I heard that he drank a great deal and was giving numerous town "bags" a big rush, I would meet him occasionally on campus. As the months went by I noticed a gradual change in his features. They became somehow coarsened. He had grown heavy-eyed and florid-faced.

That winter a crowd of us were in a restaurant getting a little something to eat after a dance. A few tables down from us sat Mac with two fraternity brothers who were plying him with liquor. There was a heavy sneer about his face, his eyes had sunk to mere slits, and his face was actually beet-colored. He was shooting off his mouth at a great rate and the brothers seemed to be getting huge enjoyment out of his loud babble. I hardly recognized him. It wasn't the face of the fellow I knew in September. But not until I saw him during a dance at his house this spring did the change in Mac strike me so vividly.

The orchestra had fuddled into one of the favorite songs of the fraternity. The brothers had assembled magically from nowhere, had formed chain-gang style, hand on the shoulder of the fellow in front and were toddling uncertainly about the floor, all the while bawling out the inane words of their drinking-song. And there was Mac, in his very element now, reeling about with the rest of the brothers and yelling at the top of his lungs.

Well, that had been his ambition — to make a fraternity. And what, in turn had the fraternity made of him?

VI

You may say that this is an extreme case. No. Say rather that Mac's is an extreme type of fraternity. I didn't tell this story of his with the object of exposing the details of how the college boys ride on the rosy road to ruin. Nothing of the sort. Mac is still a man—after his own fashion. I told it to emphasize the point I want to make: that a fraternity has the subtle power of impressing upon its new men the implied necessity of conforming with numerous unwritten laws, with a certain indefinable house-tradition. Fraternities may be quite unaware of this power of theirs. Very likely most fraternity men go through college with the idea never occurring to them. But that doesn't argue the fact to be any less true.

Conformity is a law common to every fraternity, and they all agree upon conforming to one belief: the non necessity of study. In fact, fraternities are so absorbed in

weightier matters such as poker, house-parties, politics, dates, bridge, week-ends, and so on, that they actually resent any faculty presumption upon their time. They think up numberless ways of foiling all attempts to be taught. Systematized cribbing is a quite popular way of preparing for unwelcome exams. And I know of one fraternity that bought the freshmen English mid-year examination from the publishers, to make sure that its pledges would get through in one subject at least. Fraternity men think nothing of such procedures. They feel in some mysterious way that the college "deserves" it.

VII

Perhaps, in emphasizing the type of fraternity man, I have neglected somewhat the individual. There are always exceptional men in a fraternity, and a few exceptional fraternities on a campus that I do not mean to include in the category of the type I've been speaking about. If, in speaking of fraternities as a class, I have seemed to dwell upon their more unlovely qualities, it is simply because these qualities are the most obvious, the most general and characteristic features of the fraternity system as I have seen it in operation.

Is there a remedy for the embarrassing position a college would find itself in if it just bothered to look around? Well, to my mind, the only possible defense a college can develop to offset the encroaching power of the fraternity system is to insist upon a good and a continuously good scholastic record as a necessary requirement for membership in a fraternity. I am quite aware that there are some colleges where there is such a rule, and it is strictly enforced. But these are usually those colleges which have that wise and intelligently regulated system of rushing men in their sophmore or junior year, after they have had the space of a year or two in which to acquire some sort of perspective and to get to know their classmates. But here again am I concerned with majorities. It is quite true that in the rest of our colleges and universities there is a scholastic rule of the same sort, but it is usually rather harmless, has all its teeth removed, and is so pitifully inadequate that there might as well be no rule at all. And so, fraternities have come to the stage where they can do just about as they please, and if their present rate of doing keeps up, it won't be very long before the eminent Mr. Webster will be defining college as "the place for young men who wish to make a fraternity."

The Philosophy of A. N. Whitehead

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

All of Mr. Whitehead's books are published by Macmillan Company. Since this article was written his THE AIMS OF EDUCATION *has been published.*

IT IS easy to see how the philosophy of the present day is the product of antecedent conditions. Eighteenth-century philosophy mirrored accurately the liberal political movement of the time, the individualism and faith in science of the rising third estate. It ended in a momentarily welcome materialistic skepticism which was the logical result of the underlying scientific assumptions. But skepticism, an excellent weapon against existing institutions, like the church and state, is a poor constructive tool. Furthermore, it is a treacherous weapon likely to turn its edge against its owner. The eighteenth century discovered at its close that it had sacrificed too much in its reforming zeal; it had thrown out the baby together with the bath. The attack upon the church as an instrument of oppression had never seriously meant to injure religion; and religion, endangered, promptly reasserted itself. Then, too, the decline of the aristocratic regime liberated new impulses glorifying the natural life, the life of instinct and emotion. The romantic movement in literature, the idealistic movement in philosophy resulted, both expressive of a new faith in man and nature. During the first half of the nineteenth century philosophic idealism proved in the main a competent guardian of humanistic interests: it made notable contributions in the fields of logic, ethics, and aesthetics; the awakening of Germany to national self-consciousness gave birth to philosophy of history. But ultimately idealism came to grief through the Achilles' heel of metaphysics—philosophy of nature. Its dialectic analysis of mind revealed no principles that could account for natural phenomena, which remained an irritating excrescence more and more neglected by the later idealists. The philosopher of this school simply had nothing pertinent to say to the scientist and learned nothing from the scientist. The rift between the two became almost complete. And the idealist ended by forsaking the world of appearances where "no truth is wholly true" and taking refuge in the Absolute. (This, save in belated Italy where a political development analogous to that of Germany being postponed until the twentieth century, idealism could begin its course all over again from the beginning.)

Meanwhile, science, left in control of the "phenomenal world," had done famously by it. Science might, as the idealist asserted and the scientist himself admitted, be concerned only with "probable," not "necessary," truths; it might deal with sequences instead of causes; it might be metaphysically incompetent to say anything about the nature of the cosmos. Nevertheless, a century of science sufficed to prolong human life, introduce sanitation and undreamed of comforts, and change entirely man's mode of living. In the field of physics, by its union of the two extremes, mathematics and physical experiment, scientific method proved able to predict the future, something that philosophy with all its absolute truths had never attempted. In the field of biology, the triumph of the theory of evolution definitely brought man within the biological purview, and led to the virtual absorption of psychology, once "the science of the soul." Dominating education as well as industry, influencing ethics, sociology, and even religion, science came to be generally accepted as the summit of man's intellectual achievement.

Small wonder that in the early part of the present century there arose a group of philosophers profoundly discontented with the large pretensions and slender performance of philosophy in comparison with the steady advance of science. They felt it intolerable that scientific truths tested by experiment should continue to be regarded by the philosopher as less certain than conclusions precariously reached at the end of chains of syllogisms. A reform of philosophy to bring it into working harmony with science was loudly called for. Prag-

matism, the new realism, and critical realism all developed as attempts to satisfy this demand, and there is hardly a contemporary philosopher—at least Anglo-Saxon philosopher—whose work has not been centered upon this problem. Few were earlier in the field and none have wrought at the task more steadily than Alfred North Whitehead.

Working at first in collaboration with Bertrand Russell toward the establishment of a pure or mathematical logic, free from the subjectivity of Hegelianism and the verbalism of formal logic, Mr. Whitehead then turned his attention to the establishment of a cosmology and epistemology in harmony with modern physics. All of his earlier works are severely technical, but during the last three years he has brought out three thin volumes—*Science and the Modern World*, *Religion in the Making*. and *Symbolism*—which are slightly more popular in style and which have already exerted an influence altogether disproportionate to their size. In fact, it may be safely asserted that in these small compact volumes there are more new and profoundly illuminating ideas than in any other philosophical writings of the day. Naturally, I can indicate here only the main trend of each volume, without taking time to follow any of the fascinating byways of thought suggested on almost every page.

Science and the Modern World, the largest of the three, is, as its title indicates, primarily a disquisition upon the relation of science to the other activities of modern life. It begins, however, with a critical history of scientific progress and ends with a speculative metaphysics. The historical portion traces the rise of science from its origin among the Greeks, the first people to conceive of the world as a rational order and to emphasize the idea of immutable law. The shipwreck of Hellenic science despite its fair beginnings, Mr. Whitehead traces to their preference for speculation rather than experiment, to their incorrigible dramatic instinct, and, above all, ironically enough, to the infuence of their greatest scientific formulator, Aristotle. Pythagoras and Plato had divined the mathematical approach to the secrets of nature; when Aristotle substituted quality for quantity, classification for measurement, he subordinated a more general to a more limited method. Throughout the medieval period, as Mr. Whitehead clearly shows, faith in reason persisted, although owing to lack of observed facts, it was, to a large extent, reason working in a vacuum. The Renaissance revolt against Scholasticism and the seventeenth-century beginnings of modern science were both in essence an appeal to brute fact. The resultant theory of mathematical materialism which dominated the science of the next two centuries and led to its greatest accomplishments, was, to be sure, an intellectual achievement of the highest order. Mr. Whitehead is far too good a philosopher to sympathize with those who talk about "vulgar" or "crass" materialism, as if scientific hypotheses were to be judged by rules of etiquette or as if a theory about crass facts were necessarily a crass theory. Nevertheless, materialism is an attempt to give a rational interpretation of what by assumption is irrational. It presupposes "the ultimate fact of an irreducible brute matter, or material, spread throughout space in a flux of configurations. In itself such a material is senseless, valueless, purposeless. It just does what it does do, following a fixed routine imposed by external relations which do not spring from the nature of its being. . . . If we confine ourselves to certain types of facts, abstracted from the complete circumstances in which they occur, the materialistic assumption expresses these facts to perfection. But when we pass beyond the abstraction, either by more subtle employment of our senses, or by the request for meanings and for coherence of thoughts, the scheme breaks down at once. The narrow efficiency of the scheme was the very cause of its supreme methodological success. For it directed attention to just those groups of facts which, in the state of knowledge then existing, required investigation."

The modern "conquest of nature" turns out on critical examination to have been equally a conquest of man by nature. The assumption that nature is through and through mechanical, matter in motion and nothing more, carries with it as a logical consequence the view that man, being a part of nature, is also matter in motion and nothing more. His conduct is as mechanically governed as the fall of a stone, and the only function apparently left to that curious by-product, mind, is to initiate illusions—the illusions of colors, sounds, and scents, which are no part of the efficacious physical activity of nature; the illusions of volitional control over what is really blind necessity. Nothing less is involved than the total elimination of beauty and ethical value from the real nature of things. Of course, no such view as this has been consciously and consistently held by scientists or anyone else; the "illusions," unlike Freudian concepts, too often seem to be almost as strong after they have been denounced as before. Yet in a pervasive way the mechanical attitude has been undoubtedly operative. The tendency of recent thinkers to "put mind in its place," to minimize the importance of human beings in the scheme of things, has been as evident as the exactly opposite tendency a hundred years ago. Distrust of ideals is everywhere prevalent. The progress of science has been correlative with a decline in literature. The vulgarity of our contemporary industrial culture, indubitable child of science, can hardly be looked upon with unmixed delight even by the scientist.

No one could be a more enthusiastic devotee of science than Mr. Whitehead, but no one could be more keenly aware of the deficiencies of scientific education than he. He holds it as at least indirectly responsible for five great evils of modern life. (1) Its ugliness: at a time when the urbanization of America offered new opportunities for art, these opportunities were frustated by the exclusive admiration of the scientific and the practical—illustrated even today by the tendency of school-boards to stigmatize as "frills" such subjects as drawing and music (the very basis of Greek education), and to substitute for them "solid" courses in stenography and typewriting! (2) Its professionalism: the necessary emphasis on technique in science has aided in the rise of the narrow specialist, that bane of modern society, the learned fool, who, although he gathers all the information in the world concerning his one subject, in knowing nothing of its relationships to other subjects really knows nothing at all. (3) Its standardization: the tendency to regard human beings as abstract mathematical entities, all alike, has led to the present absurd stressing of prescribed courses, tests, and grades in our formalized education and to the disregard of individual rights in recent legislation. (4) Its Babbittry: the success of scientific industry in enhancing physical comfort has resulted in a bourgeois acceptance of wealth and comfort as ultimate ideals. (5) Its reliance on force: if there is nothing superior to physical power, nations should evidently devote themselves, exactly as they are doing, to the increase of their armaments (although they may continue their verbal "renunciations of war" as harmless epiphenomena which essentialy mean nothing). Other items might easily be added to this indictment of the results of materialistic science, such as the present-day worship of success and admiration of the man who "puts it over," regardless of what is put over or the means by which the putting-

over is accomplished; or the frenetic sensuality of a society which cannot conceive of intellectual pleasures; or our failure to develop a notion of liberal leisure as part of our daily life—or "daily grind," as it is usually and quite aptly called. In truth the indictment could be continued almost indefinitely.

On the other hand, it may well be replied, "If the universe is the kind of place described by the materialist, one may happen to regret the fact but obviously he can't do anything about it." Yes; but all depends upon the "if." And, as everyone vaguely knows, a long revolution culminating in Einstein has been going on in physics, a revolution proclaimed to be far more fundamental than the Darwinian or Copernican. Physicists will probably be busy for a century in working out the implications of the revolution. It is manifestly too early to achieve an entirely consistent philosophy in harmony with a physics which is not yet itself entirely consistent. But Mr. Whitehead, who probably knows his physics better than any other contemporary philosopher, while he would be the first to regard his own philosophy as provisional, nevertheless insists that humanistic and scientific interests can be brought together on the basis of modern physical discoveries. The solid bits of matter of the older physics, moving through an empty space and empty time, have completely disappeared along with their space and time environment. Instead we have undulating electro-magnetic fields, within which occur events in rhythmic patterns. Modern space-time is not empty but is completely filled, or, rather, is an aspect of the events themselves. For the Scholastic conception of substance (a thing is what it is), which ever since Hume has been in a moribund condition, Mr. Whitehead definitely substitutes the Leibnitzian conception (a thing is what it does), and, he adds, is when it does and where it does. Thus the notion of discontinuous action raised by the Quantum theory of modern physics he can readily accept. What we ordinarily call a thing he calls, somewhat uninvitingly it must be confessed, an "epochal occasion." But these epochal occasions, unlike things, have no clear boundaries; unlike the Leibnitzian monads which had no windows, they are all windows. Each is a microcosm, made up of the shocks of the whole universe concentrated at a single point, and in turn contributing its shocks to every other point. Each, as it were, scatters aspects of itself as it goes along. Thus, coming to the epistemological problem, we perceive the real world, not a shadow thrown by our own minds, but we perceive it in definite perspectives. When we look at a straight stick in water and perceive a bent stick, this bent stick is not an unaccountable psychological illusion (curiously shared by the camera) but is an aspect of that which in its more usual aspects we call a straight stick. Mr. Whitehead's epistemological realism is, however, leagues apart from that of Mr. Dewey, for example, owing to its combination, as in many other new realists, with Platonic idealism. Every pattern realized in nature or contemplated by the mind is drawn, he argues, from a potential realm of patterns or "eternal objects." Nay, more. Triangles, let us say, are exemplified sufficiently in actuality, but the figure of a million equal sides, never exemplified or contemplated, has its equal reality in the realm of pure being. Should a sufficiently ambitious epochal occasion ever arise, it will find its million-sided costume ready to be worn. It is evident that in Mr. Whitehead's system the most insignificant object possesses an enormous family tree; it is related to all other actual objects, in past, present, and future, and is also related to all the infinite eternal objects. Its individuality is clearly a mode of universal being. This universal being is virtually Spinoza's Substance, actualizing itself by a constant selection among its own infinite possibilities. This function of selection or principle of concretion Mr. Whitehead is fain to call "God." It is a principle of both life and reason, introducing and conserving order, so far as possible, in what, apparently, would otherwise be a chaotic flow of the overly-impetuous Substance's activity. In thus making God the author, not of this sorry scheme of things entire, but only of the true, the good, and the beautiful in this scheme, Mr. Whitehead believes that he has secured a rational basis for religion.

One's doubts as to Mr. Whitehead's success are unfortunately increased by a perusal of his next volume, *Religion in the Making*. Here he decidedly fails to render his vague picture of the Deity any more definite. He seems both to ascribe and deny personality to Him, both to deny and yet accept the conception of evil as mere negativity. His discussion of the actual development of religion is, on the other hand, admirable. Finding its origin in ritual, which he regards as primarily an expression of surplus energy later given symbolic value, he traces the slow and imperfect rationalizing and moralizing of religion, ever liable to relapse to the instinctive level. He faces squarely the historic facts. "History, down to the present day, is a melancholy record of the horrors which can attend religion: human sacrifice, and in particular the slaughter of children, cannibalism, sensual orgies, abject superstition, hatred as between races, the maintenance of degrading customs, hysteria, bigotry, can all be laid at its charge. Religion is the last refuge of human savagery." None the less, in its highest forms —in what Mr. Whitehead calls "world loyalty"—it is equally the last refuge of the poet, the philosopher, and the saint. A man's value to himself and to the world is strictly dependent upon his taking an interest in establishing relations with forces outside himself. At once the most general and the most intimate of these forces is that ultimate reality upon which his very being depends. The establishment of satisfactory relations here will give dignity to the life of a peasant; its lack will leave vulgarity in the life of a prince. The challenge of a Schopenhauer or a Hardy is itself a kind of world loyalty—a demand that the world be better than it seems to be. The one unjustifiable attitude from the truly religious point of view is the contemporary frivolous neglect of the whole problem.

Mr. Whitehead's latest and slightest volume, *Symbolism*, took its rise, one may guess, from his study of religious symbolism in the preceding volume. But he is here concerned with symbolism in its most fundamental form, that of symbolic thinking. The written word is a symbol of the spoken word, the spoken word (*pace* John B. Watson) is a symbol of an idea, and one idea is often a symbol of another. These symbols are all useful media of exchange, a kind of paper money in the realm of thought. Evidently, if our thought is not to prove ultimately counterfeit, there must be a real commodity somewhere to justify all this paper circulation. The reality, of course, to which our symbols point, is given for Mr. Whitehead in immediate experience. But in *Symbolism* he makes an important distinction which brings him somewhat nearer to the philosophy of Mr. George Santayana than he has been before. Immediate experience he divides into the presentation of spatial sense-data and the experience of causal efficacy. The sense-data in themselves, the colors, sounds, etc., have no causal efficacy but they serve as symbols for real objects which have. The orthodox and very lame explanation that from the sense-data we *infer* a real world, Mr. Whitehead refutes by pointing out that

animals incapable of inference make the same causal reference as we. Constructively, he asserts that we have a direct experience of causality bound up with our very experience of time, the latter introducing us to a past-present-future complex wherein each instant is the inevitable outgrowth of its predecessor. This experience of temporal causality, usually associated with spatial experience, gives us our real world. Here we have a conception similar to Mr. Santayana's "animal faith" but a distinct advance upon the latter in both clarity and subtlety. We have also the adumbration of a definite theory of causation as organic rather than mechanical, something very much needed by modern philosophy in general and by Mr. Whitehead's system in particular.

It is fair to call his philosophy a system because it is a detailed exposition of a unified scheme; yet it would also be fair to call it as a whole an adumbration because, though detailed, it is far from complete or even thoroughly articulated, inspiring imaginative leaps too often taking the place of reasoned proof. Its value lies in its originality and its profundity. Mr. Whitehead has opened many doors into a new life. Above all he has definitely pointed out the fundamental problem of the twentieth century which is, how to humanize science? This problem the Western world must solve or it will surely perish.

"I'm Through"

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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
February, 1929.

DEAR President Moody:

When you asked me, "Why are you leaving college, Bergman?" I tried to explain to you. You said, "I'm not sure that I understand what you mean." It was obvious that I had not made myself clear. What I meant to say, in answer to your question, was this:

I quit. I'm through. From this moment on, however weak, foolish, however vain I may be, I shall at least be intellectually honest with myself.

Two-and-a-half years ago I came to this small college tucked away among the hills, a pilgrim in search of the truth which is to help a man make himself free, whole, and at home in the world. Today I find myself mentally starved and emaciated. If it should be said that I have at times gone on a hunger strike, it may be that I have been refused the bread of wisdom and expected to subsist on occasional crumbs of information. "This information is necessary," you say. Certainly, it is necessary, but it hardly constitutes the whole of education or even the significant part of it. Encyclopedias and almanacs are thesauri of information, but who will go to them for intellectual stimulation, for passion for the truth, for a warm heart and an understanding mind? It is to the teacher we look for these things. Yet, strangely, it has been my experience that, in this respect, he has failed and failed miserably, with a few exceptions.

I have not, of course, studied under all the professors on this campus, but I see no reason why those I have come in contact with do not constitute a fair cross-section of the faculty. Knowing these men, then, as I do, I can honestly say that for the most part the chairs in this institution are occupied by amiable enough gentlemen. For the most part these gentlemen might easily have been insurance solicitors or clergymen, chewing gum manufacturers or farmers. Instead they seem to have drifted into what they choose to call an academic career because of its promise of a comparatively easy life and its assurance of a pension during dotage. For the most part they are, indeed, capable enough specialists in their departments. They have acquired a familiarity with their subject from books and have become adept at quoting the fundamentals at their students. In some cases they may even have copied the material out of books into books under their own names. In these cases they are no longer mere professors; they are Doctors—nay, Scholars. Have they not given of their substance to research? Yet for those qualities which go to make the true teacher: the broadened outlook, the keen and liberal mind, the inner urge, the student must look in vain.

The kind of teacher I am talking about, if his lectures are any indication of his state of mind, has little knowledge of and less interest in anything outside the particular confines of his subject. (Unless, indeed, he is like one professor on this campus who cares nothing at all about his subject but whose heart and soul are bound round with the ticker tape which tells of the rise and fall of the price of certain stocks on the exchange.) To him life is split into courses, with his course the major portion of it. Of a whole and harmonious universe, he conceiveth not. He seems totally unaware that knowledge is but man's statement of his intellectual and emotional kinship to the world he lives in, so systematized as to give him some degree of power over that universe, to the end that all men may live happier lives in it. And being unaware of this, he has failed to arrive at that sane and serene outlook upon life, to come in contact with which, is of the greatest comfort and value to the student during his formative years. . . .

Civilization advances a step only when men advance a step beyond the thinking of their fathers. . . . One can almost hear the eternal complaint of the eternal father: "I brung ye up and gived ye bread and bed and now ye go and don't believe like I do! Is that the way to honor yer father and mother?" But one may honor his father and mother, honor them and love them and yet refuse to carry on their prejudices and their superstitions. And in this line-up the place of the teacher should be in the vanguard of youth. Only by such slow progress can civilization advance. Only so can the torch of enlightenment be carried on. As Havelock Ellis so beautifully phrases it:

"In the moral world we are ourselves the light-bearers, and the cosmic process is in us made flesh. For a brief space it is granted to us, if we will, to enlighten the darkness that surrounds our path. As in the ancient torchrace, which seemed to Lucretius to be the symbol of all life, we press forward torch in hand along the course. Soon from behind comes the runner who will outpace us. All our skill lies in giving into his hand the living torch, bright and unflickering, as we ourselves disappear into the darkness."

The college professor who continues to teach without

ideals and without vision is hindering the onward presage of the torch and has no business in the company of youth.

I do not see how any sincere and serious-minded teacher of a younger generation can sit back upon his haunches while all around him there are such obvious and undeniable evidences of an imperfect world. Racial intolerance, religious bigotry, wholesale slaughter of human beings, millions existing without the barest necessities of life that hundreds may live lives of idle luxury, tramplings upon personal liberty, perversion of justice, corruption and incompetence of men in high places, exalting of false gods and low standards; these are not to be laughed off by feeble attempts at pedantic wise-cracks. They will have to be answered for.

Perhaps some of the professors burn themselves out in extra-curricular and off-campus activities. Perhaps some of them never possessed the original fire of inspiration. Certainly the expression of bored disdain of the student mind, which certain professors habitually assume can bespeak nothing but conscious and painful martyrdom. These men refuse to believe that a younger mind need not necessarily be an inferior mind. They will not accept into their consciousness a realization of the fact that the doubtful fortune of having been born a few years earlier means nothing at all, unless a man has been able to live through, assimilate and co-ordinate experiences into the foundations of a personal and living philosophy. A man's philosophy inevitably finds expression in his attitude of mind. That's what makes it so easy for the sensitive student to recognize under the trappings of philosophical degrees the attitude of the philosopher.

I have talked at length of those professors who fail, for one reason or another, to measure up to their responsibility. What of the others (and we have them), what of those professors who are sincere and honest with themselves and with their students? Can they do nothing to lead these young minds to keener perceptions and these young hearts to finer feelings? Yes, for a great personality will always transcend a weak system. But such men are the exceptions on the faculty; they do not prove any rule. On the whole the faculty, like the student body, is composed of mediocre men, possessing mediocre minds and mediocre aspirations for themselves and for humanity. Such men under such a system can have nothing but a sedative effect upon whatever intellectual curiosity there may be in the community.

What, then, is this academic system at which I rebel? Why is the thing so vicious? When I say "system," I mean the methods, the tools, the technic, the pedagogic red-tape of mass education, some of which is quite necessary if there is to be order and not chaos in the institution. If it is necessary, why do I bring an indictment? I call it to account, not because it is a system but because it is *the* system, which is the wrong kind of a system. It is wrong because it places the emphasis falsely; because it forever presents the temptation, to both teacher and student, to let, as in religions, the ritual replace the creed, the Means usurp the throne rightfully belonging to the End.

The student wise in the ways of the system will not go out onto the hills in search of Truth; he will stick to the lowlands and go forth only in quest of the Golden Mark. Who would be so foolhardy as to expect to pass a course merely because he has done some solid thinking about the subject-matter of it?

"What's that? You spent several hours thinking the matter over? Well, I can't give you any mark for day dreaming. I asked that you have twenty-five pages copied into your notebook ready to hand in at 10:30 this morning. You haven't done it. Zero! Sorry."

Under such a system, the student is hardly to be blamed if he refuses to spend his time in quiet thought and talk and personal investigation into the larger significances of the subject. . . .

While the professor murmurs, mumbles, and mutters through his lecture the student will spend his time producing impressionistic sketches of the doctor's classic profile. After the lecture he will spend his time copying the "grind's" notes, for it is much easier to copy and besides these notes are more complete than his own would have been and will, therefore, receive the better grade. Such notes, the student feels, eliminates the necessity for doing any thinking on his own. For he knows that in the seasonal examinations and tests, upon which the system lays such great stress, he will be quizzed, not upon his ideas and his cogitations, but upon his store of information, his fund of facts. . . .

. . . You say that after all, education is self-education. And how right you are! You say that the student does not *have* to look for "pipe" courses and "easy" professors, that he does not *have* to sleep through lectures and copy others' notes, that he does not *have* to go to the movies instead of to the public square and the library for his knowledge of life and literature, that he does not *have* to accept mothy platitudes as profound cerebrations, that he does not *have* to substitute the pedagogical details of high school for intellectual curiosity. And you are half right and half wrong. The student does not *have* to do all this, but being more human than divine, he most likely will, for he does not wish to suffer isolation as a "high-brow," a "radical" or a "grind." And the damnedest of sins is non-conformity. It is in the environment, it is in the atmosphere—it gets you after a while. And in my opinion the fault lies with the faculty and with the system (the student will measure up to what is expected of him, but no more) for to tolerate the substitution of high marks for high mindedness, is to encourage it. The student who can remain within the sphere of influence of all this, and still retain a healthy equilibrium between the means and the end of education, is a rare individual. My hat is off to him!

I have made some serious charges against our academic system: that where it does not actually prevent the student from the proper cultivation of his mind and character (and what else is education?) it encourages him to neglect their proper cultivation. I do not doubt that similar charges have been made before. I have no doubt they will be made again. I only know that all I have here brought forth is the fruit of bitter experience, both my own and the keenest of my fellow students. Ask the "average student" about these matters; he will not tell you what I have here told you, chiefly because he does not realize what is going on all around and within him. The very fact that the "average student" is unaware of the twilight sleep which is gradually being superimposed upon his consciousness, the very fact that he actually believes he is drinking deep of the Pierian Spring, is evidence enough to convict the system as it now stands.

I am well aware that better men than I, have given serious consideration to these matters. If this result is the best product of our minds, I can only say that it isn't good enough. It necessitates too much waste of a valuable raw product.

You undoubtedly realize that all I have said here is of a destructive nature. The obvious reason is that in a crowded district, tearing down is a necessary preliminary to building up. You may also point out that I have

offered no constructive suggestions. The equally obvious reply is that I do not know what ought to be done about it. That is your problem. You are engaged in the business of education; I only in acquiring one. Since I believe that I am not getting an education commensurate with the sacrifices I and others find necessary to keep me in college I say: *"Ave atque vale."*

Is the foregoing merely a rationalization of an emotionally impelled action? Have my ideas here fallen victim to what Bertrand Russell classifies the three common fallacies of the common mind; are they cocksure? vague? self-contradictory? I do not believe so, for I have thought long and seriously and as honestly as I know how, upon this move before making it. But if they are, then by that very token is my contention borne out: that whatever education I may have received in college has failed to fortify me with the most rudimentary weapon of self-defense in this holy war against ignorance, *i.e.*, a knowledge of how to make use of the innate gray matter of my mind. If, on the other hand, what I have said is true, then there is nothing more I need say.

All that I have here written is my answer to your, "Why are you leaving college, Bergman?" It is also my personal word of encouragement to those few professors and students who feel concerning these matters about as I do. It is likewise in the nature of a protest. That is why I have written it in the form of an open letter.

Am I to refrain from speaking out for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of certain individuals who have parked their easy chairs in the halls of learning? I don't give a damn about these individuals! They need to have their susceptibilities wounded! They need to have their easy chairs pulled out from under them, that they may stand up on their two feet! It is only by speaking out to each other, quite openly and honestly, that we can ever hope to determine the truth.

With my warmest personal regards and my humblest respect to yourself and to those of your associates who hold that teaching is a responsibility rather than a job, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

HAROLD BERGMAN.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

(*An Open Letter to Harold Bergman*)

My dear Bergman:

You quote me as saying in our interview that "I am not sure that I understand what you mean." I am *very* sorry, but I am still at a loss after reading your letter. It comforts me a little to feel, without meaning to be rude, that you don't either. If you feel that the present state of Education (your own or in general) is unsatisfactory, I most heartily agree with you. But that is a very common feeling. Dr. Harris Starr's biography of the man who has been called one of America's two greatest teachers, makes it evident that they were saying exactly the same thing sixty years ago. I understand that at El Azhar they feel that they have solved most of the educational problems, and they must be right for they have thought so for over a thousand years. But then, the famous dictum of the Kaliph Omar when he destroyed the Alexandrian Library, sums up their attitude.

To be more specific, I gather that we, the faculty, are not "inspiring." I am afraid that is true. But is it the primary purpose of a faculty to be inspiring? The word inspire, or inspiration, is very carelessly handled by Fundamentalists, by whom it is most used, and it is frequently lost sight of by most of us that there are two elements in the process of inspiration. Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is, I suppose, as beautiful as any poem in the English language, but to a Frenchman, who understood no English, it would not be. I have listened to eloquent orators speaking in tongues I do not understand and felt thrilled both at their evident earnestness and at the music of the syllables which fell from their lips. I might have been inspired by them if I had understood the tongues in which they spoke. Which goes, I hope, to show that the receptive or apperceptive is a part of the inspirational process. To quote Omar Khayyam,

Diving and finding no pearl in the sea,
Blame not the Ocean, the fault is in Thee.

Again, that *sounds* rather rude, as if it was implied that the inspiration failed because the to-be-inspired did not kindle, and not because the vital inspiration was lacking. To use a very homely figure, the match did not strike on the match-safe side because one of the chemical ingredients was lacking. Lacking from the match, or the striking surface? It needs a chemist to say which. Dr. Oh-so Learned bores me and fires you. I call him dry. He provokes the divine spark in you. Prof. A. Very Abstruse, we will say, leaves me speechless at his profound apothegms. He leaves you speechless for very dissimilar reasons. Am I right, or are you? (I wonder if you do not mean thrilling when you say inspiring? Thrills and inspiration are often confused.)

As we go on in life we find to our surprise that we are both right and both wrong. One of the satisfactions, I assure you, in growing old, is to discover how far we have gotten in our flight from some of our youthful positions. After twenty-five years I have a completely revised estimate of some of the things I studied and the men I studied under. Some of the things which seemed most meaningless at the time proved to be of great value later. And some of the things which seemed so very important then have dwindled considerably with the passage of years.

This is a hateful way to write, I know, for it amounts to saying, "When you are as old as I am, you will know as much as I do," a recension of the unanswerable "Mother knows best." This is doubtless usually a true remark but not precisely ingratiating, more than anything else because of its truth.

But where I really take issue with you is in your rather airy waiving of the values of disciplines. College ought to teach you to do something well. And the preliminary steps to that will probably be very uninspiring, drab, hackneyed. The finished violinist has hours,—no, months and years of practice in much of which there is little beauty and less melody. The last rivet is driven in the plates of a great bridge which with lifted arch spans a noble river. Inspiring? Yes, truly. But behind that are pages and pages of very dull mathematical calculations in which there is precious little inspiration! And equally drab legal formalities connected with a floating of the bonds that made that bridge possible! . . .

PRESIDENT MOODY.

Because of lack of space we have been obliged to omit a great deal of the above letters. We have attempted to do so without damaging any of the arguments that were presented in the original article.—EDITOR.

Reviewer's Copy

Emily Dickinson

WHEN the announcement was made, a few months ago, that a whole group of yet unpublished poems by Emily Dickinson had been discovered and were to be given to the world, one heard the news with something of that ungracious incredulity with which too good news is usually greeted. Long unpublished manuscripts have a way of disconcerting the expectant, and it scarcely appeared to be in the natural course of things that a poet like Emily Dickinson, whose name had never suggested the voluminous, would have left behind her much more of the very first quality than had already been gathered together in a good-sized "collected" volume. Then a few poems began to appear here and there in the magazines—poems so characteristic, so true to her intense idiosyncrasy, so obviously perfect, that one's first sense was of having read them before and come upon them again after a long interval. If any skepticism remained, it could not survive the appearance of the whole collection.[1] Mr. Louis Untermeyer has called it "Emily Dickinson's most beautiful and, from every standpoint, most important work"; and there is little exaggeration, if any, in what he says. What it comes to is that we shall have to re-phrase the conventional description or impression of Emily as the poet of a small sheaf of tiny but perfect poems: quantity, of course, can hardly add to her stature, but she is to be thought of, with a real shift in emphasis, as a writer of protracted, sustained, and many-sided inspiration. Only Emerson and Whitman, among our nineteenth-century poets, impose themselves upon us with a comparable reach and density; if anyone insists on adding Poe to the little group, he must be left to defend his own judgment.

It is peculiarly easy and peculiarly wrongheaded to confuse the surface frugality of such a poet as Emily Dickinson with real parsimony or narrowness of range, and that is just what we have all, I think, with a few exceptions, been guilty of doing. In an obvious sense, she said what she had to say in but one manner: to the eye, as it were, her poetry is all of a kind, and all apparently small-scale. So far as expressive versatility is an important poetic faculty, she breaks down in any comparison with Whitman or even Whittier; and Poe himself did "more" things in a much smaller space. There are good reasons, of course, why such expressive versatility as theirs should be valued; but considerations like these need not blind us to the real quality of another kind of poet. Spareness, meagerness, frugality—these are not the really important words to use in any appreciation of Emily. On the contrary, as this volume must have reminded many readers, her true note is to be defined (if the difficulty of defining it can be overcome at all, as a very personal, a wholly unique balance between opulence and reserve, between expansion and concentration, between fire and ice. Madame Bianchi, in her indispensable *Life and Letters*, quotes from a little note, one of thousands, sent over to her sister-in-law "a hedge away," the flashing question: "Are you sure we are making the most of it?" And this is the essential Emily Dickinson: this is the poet, not the myth. Her poetry sprang, not from a Yankee niggardliness, but from a clutching eagerness for experience, a determination to miss nothing momentous, a thirst for what she would have called "Golconda." It is the richness of her poetry, not merely its intensity, that authorizes it.

She used language with a force so special, she bent it so consistently to her own idiomatic purpose, that a first acquaintance with her poetry is apt to leave one mainly with a strong impression of its personal unity, its unvarying uniqueness of style. But she is not the poet of a single absorbing mood, a single hard glare of insight. Her capacity for light and shade is almost the secret of her genius. When critics compare her with Sappho, when they call her "an epigrammatic Walt Whitman," when they allude to Donne or to Blake, they are paying their various tributes to her great powers; but they miss her own quality. For she did not need, like Sappho, the ruinous heat of great passion, nor, like Blake, the ecstasy of vision, in order to make poetry. She was capable of both—in her own vein, of course. There are not many love poems in the language more "abandoned" than one of these new poems—"One life of so much consequence." There are not many mystical poems more enlarging to the imagination than "Behind me dips eternity," nor many poems about death more genuinely solemn than "It feels a shame to be alive." A few such poems—and there are more than a few of each type—would force a reader who knew only those to call Emily Dickinson one of the greatest of erotic poets, or one of the greatest of the mystics. But her whole being was not exhausted in a few moments of transcendental vision, or in a single emotional ordeal. With a resilience that reminds one of Shakespeare, she could turn from them, with a quick humorous glance, to the dinginess of a disagreeable day or to the eloquent fatuity of the Amherst clergy.

To the formulas, indeed, that would simplify poetry in terms of "emotion" or "vision," she is especially troublesome. In an age when poetry was considerably an affair of spontaneity, or of moodiness, or of patriotism, or of declamation, she refused, so to say, to take it seriously: she lived on more than one plane, and poetry might take the

[1] FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, and Alfred Leete Hampson. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

consequences. Hence, what seems to many readers the excessive mentalism, and to her admirers the strong metaphysicality, of her characteristic verse. Mr. Mark Van Doren has said that "wit" is the word that sums Emily Dickinson up, and certainly it comes very close to suggesting the concentrated and purified intellectual heat that glows in so much of her poetry. Emerson is the only other American poet who can be compared with hers at all in this respect, and the difference between them is an unmistakable one. "Gnomic" is the word for Emerson: the wisdom that springs from prolonged reflection is the substance of his verse, and the language-oracular, abbreviated, at once homely and stately—has often the aspect of translation from some sententious poetry of the East. But that is not the note of Emily Dickinson: no more than Donne does she deal in what is called "lore." Her intellectuality, like his, is rather the intense intuitive activity of an intelligence playing continuously over the personal experience in which it is itself involved; even more than Donne, she gives us the impression of being *on the spot*. Such a poem as this owes nothing to the Persians; it owes everything to experience:

Expectation is contentment;
Gain, satiety.
But satiety, conviction
Of necessity.

Of an austere trait is pleasure.
Good, without alarm,
Is a too serene possession—
Danger deepens suns.

So true is it that "witty" rather than "oracular" defines her quality, that one gropes for a word to express more sharply still the feeling one has, in reading her verse, of being in direct communication with her mind. The cult of spontaneity has had so general a bearing on poetry since the late eighteenth century that we shall obviously gain nothing by calling Emily Dickinson spontaneous. And how shall we explain the fact that so many of these poems have an immediacy, a sharp promptitude, that one must look for in vain among the poets of "the lyric cry"? For in this respect too, she reminds one of certain seventeenth-century poets—Donne, Herbert, Habington, Vaughan—more than of any writers since their time. The author of "The Collar"—"I struck the board and cried, 'No more; I will abroad!'"—had no gseater capacity than she for dramatizing a mental or emotional crisis so arrestingly that the reader is coerced into reacting it. Her very diction is dramatc rather than lyrical: the áuick gleam of her metaphor is like that of the Elizabethan playwrights and of these same Caroline metaphysicals who are so close to them in spirit—not really like that of Shelley or Swinburne. Again and again she sets the stage as Herbert or Vaughan would do bid us look on as spectators, and takes the leading role herself. One remembers a poem, not wholly characteristic in language, in an earlier collection:

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

And in this new collection one is, as they say, "embarrassed" by the prodigality of a dramatic imagination that turns to account so incomparable a range of mental and emotional experience—by the qualitative richness and quantitative inclusiveness of a single volume. It takes all one's own flexibility to accompany her—but she makes the effort imperative—as she turns from a defense of Moses against the Jehovah who kept him out of Canaan to an epigram on great pain; from a celebration of the bee or the humming-bird to a strangely stony description of death and burial; from a dialogue with autumn to a kind of hymn of renunciation. Socially and physically, her life was more limited than that of any other poet of whom one can think, except Emily Bronte; but its ideal boundaries were wider than most.

For after everything has been said about her sheer linguistic brilliance, her specific genius as a writer, one comes back to what is of course always the secret of such writing as hers—to her undefinable distinction as a person. Everything was against her that usually acts to discourage distinction: provincial surroundings, the humid atmosphere of a defunct Puritanism, a too agreeable home life, drastic denials in the realization of her whole nature as a woman, and doubtless still subtler handicaps. But she was not to be carried under by such forces as these. There was more overtness and activity than receptiveness in her makeup, and she forced life—so far as a human being can do it—to accept her conditions and live up to her demands. We hear much, in connection with her, about "renunciation"; and it is true that she did without much that makes life tolerable for lesser beings. But her spirit had no grimness, no real austerity; she made renunciation a positive, indeed an ecstatic thing. "I find ecstasy in living," she wrote to Colonel Higginson; "the mere sense of living is joy enough." And even if she brooded over death, even if she *was* "eternally preoccupied with it," as Madame Bianchi says, it was not in the saturnine manner of low-keyed natures; it was because the tide of life ran high in her, and she could not be indifferent to death. Her poetry lingers in the memory, not in sober New England hues, but in flashes of light and color; there emerges from it, not an ironic repudiation, as some writers have suggested, but a vigorous assent. In this view, it is tempting to regard as exquisitely symbolic the last message she sent across the intervening garden to her sister-in-law, Susan Gilbert Dickinson. She never spoke more deeply and more characteristically than in these final words: "My answer is an unmitigated *Yes*, Sue."

By NEWTON ARVIN

How to Be Good; in Two Easy Lessons

A MAN without breeches," the Abbé Coignard once remarked, "is in an inconvenient position for defending sacred truth, for refuting error, and for preventing crime." To this we need only add that it is the peculiar defect of the human race to be born without breeches, in order to understand why it is that the posture of the moral advisor is so extraordinarily ridiculous. Before he could fare forth on his crusade of virtue he first had to borrow breeches—and alas for him, every one knows it!

Indeed the beeches themselves, being secondhand, proclaim his secret to a giggling world at every step; all the more since a man who is engaged in throwing the first stone naturally comes in for scrutiny, some hostile, some amused. Not long ago a pedagogue who was busily cultivating virtue among school children recounted the splendid methods employed by a teacher who made a practice of standing where her tender charges were obliged to pass in front of her and then seeing to it that each and every one begged her pardon for doing what she had thus deliberately made them do. Doubtless she would defend herself from criticism of her own good manners by insisting that the children had needed the discipline; which is precisely the defense Daniel Drew offered for swindling the professors of the theological seminary he himself had founded: they needed to be taught not to play the stock market.

Any one who holds that virtue can be attained, let alone taught, by the exercise of ratiocination must have a rather simple-minded notion of morality. But many people do. It strikes me that Professor Drake[1] and Parshley[2] do. Even their titles appear to me more ratiocinative than moral. "The new morality is a delicious paradox no doubt, calculated to titillate the palates of logicians; but as morality is by common understanding the oldest thing in sight, its meaning is that of naughty God, holy devil, virtuous scoundrel and the like. Much the same is true of the conjunction of science and morality. Mr. Parshley once rebuked me for speaking of science and messiahs in the same breath on the ground that the two are exclusive and incompatible; and, truth to confess, I should be glad to think they are. He has now reversed himself, and says that he is ready to assume the mantle: that science is a messiah, a good messiah, the only messiah competent to save the modern world. My own view is that science is a false messiah (in so far as it does assume to offer us salvation), but only becaue it seems to me that all messiahs must be false. Of the two I prefer Mr. Parshley's earlier position. That at least did credit to his science. When he proposes to mount the throne of the Almighty and issue directions to the chosen people, it seems to me that he does credit neither to science nor to good behavior.

These judgments are, of course, the product of rank prejudice on my part. I believe that all morality is wholly a matter of tradition. Most people hold double views on this opinion: first, that it is a matter of course as every one knows; and second, that it isn't so. But nearly everyone seems to think it unduly simplifies the case. My view is the reverse. This is precisely why morality is so complicated—because it is a fact and not a theory, a matter of tradition and not of logic. This is the reason why nearly every rationalization of good and bad behavior turns out on examination to be naive and even puerile—because the interplay of moral forces in the world is more complicated than any formula of words. Professor Drake announces with the bland air of one who has discovered truth that the new morality bases itself "solidly upon the observation of the *results* of conduct." The folly of moral skepticism (that is, of holding such opinions as my own) lies in its unwarrantable subjectivity.

A good deed (says Professor Drake) is not made good by the fact that an individual or a community *judges* it good, *approves* it, *imposes* it. It is a matter not of opinion but of fact. A deed is good if it is the sort of deed that has good results; whether any one recognizes it as good is quite secondary.

I hesitate to take exception to all this. No one really ought to breathe a word of discouragement when a professor of morals is giving countenance to facts. Professor Drake is for facts; and so are all of us. He is a realist; and however philosophical, men usually mean well by it when they call themselves realists. But I should think that even a professor of morals would notice that the question what constitutes a good result is a sort of kind of a teeny weeny loose end in his argument. Throughout the argument this interesting point continues to dangle, inconspicuously but persistently. To me it presents the effect of Baron Munchausen's bisected horse: he eats and eats and never takes in any substance.

The fodder is of the best. Professor Drake deals with an admirable array of crucial problems, all in the spirit of advanced liberalism. There are many, many things that are wrong in the world. But in nearly every case it is possible to see, from the perspective of the Vassar compus, how something might be done that would be good in the sense of having excellent results; or if not that, something else. And the problems keep dropping out behind, slightly chewed, but otherwise intact.

The advance of the scientist confronts us with an even more delicate problem of etiquette. It is a thorny path we tread through this vale of tears, and anything science can do for us in the way of automotive vehicles should be received with a polite display of gratitude. Very likely we have been guilty of a serious lapse of manners in mocking the portentious gravity with which science wheels up its automatic perambulators. Professor Parshley gives forth weighty words in approval of the good life without preamble beyond a reference to Bertrand Russell (who is a mathematician, and therefore must know what he is talking about). I, for one, have no notion what the good life is; and beyond a touch of rhetoric here and there I doubt if Professor Parshley or even Bertrand Russell does. But we won't speak of that. The good life is——you know——what Bertrand Russell writes about.

What bothers me is the paucity of perambulators. I cordially agree that it is well to know that *Homo quasi-sapiens* is an animal species and to scrutinize his behavior with all the physical apparatus that can be mustered. Professor Parshley discusses behavior as a scientist and does it well. His book is worth reading for this alone. But this doesn't go very far toward good behavior. In nine cases out of ten virtue means sexual decorum. Sex is an organic fact. Professor Parshley insists on it, and we agree. We are only too glad to know all we can about it. Our sole objection is that the physiological technics of the function fall somewhat short of telling us whom we should sleep with. This is true of liquor drinking, too. Let us grant that Mr. Volstead had no scientific data for the assertion that a beverage containing .006 per cent of alcohol will intoxicate. Alas, that discovery leaves Mr. Volstead's political position quite unshaken without having any salutary effect even on our genteel bootlegger.

Mr. Volstead relied solely on sentiment; but I think he

(*Continued on page* 24)

1THE NEW MORALITY. Durant Drake. Macmillan. $2.50.
2SCIENCE AND GOOD BEHAVIOR. H. M. Parshley. Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.

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WORKERS' EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative EDUCATIONAL AGENCY for the promotion of ADULT EDUCATION among INDUSTRIAL WORKERS, 476 West 24th Street, New York City. Spencer Miller, Jr., Sec'y.

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS, a nation-wide, nonpartisan organization for arousing in American citizens an intelligent and influential interest in their government. New Voters' Units in colleges and normal schools. New York office: 821 Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE (Quakers)—special fields: International, Interracial, Peace, Patriotic Service. Address the Secretary, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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HOW TO BE GOOD

(*Continued from page* 23)

knew what he was doing. He knew behavior, if not alcohol. Conversely, I doubt if a knowledge of alcohol, or gametes, leads to an understanding of behavior; and the scientists who think it does and propose to save us from ourselves in automatic baby carriages I still maintain are wearing the false whiskers of a mechanical messiah—a robot God. Salvation guaranteed! Patents pending!

C. E. Ayres.